



London Printed for Nathaniel Brookes
and sold at his shop + the Angel in Corn-hill.



Fons Lachrymarum :
OR A
FOUNTAIN
OF
TEARS:

From whence doth flow

Englands Complaint ;

JEREMIAH'S LAMENTATIONS

Paraphras'd with

Divine Meditations ;

AND AN

ELEGY

Upon that Son of Valor

Sir CHARLES LUCAS,

Written by *John Quarles.*

The Third Edition.

London, Printed for *Obadiab Blagrove*, at the Bear in *St. Pauls*
Church-yard, over against the little North door, 1677.

THE NEW YORK

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TO THE
ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE
CHARLES,
PRINCE of
WALES.



*If the Current of my
affections force me a-
gainst the Rocks of
presumption, I humbly crave
the assistance of Your gracious
A 4 garden :*

The Epistle

pardon : The extent of my
ambition is to prostitute at
Your Highnesses feet the first
fruits of an Orchard, which I
planted in Flaunders, during
the time of my banishment,
and now have brought them
into England to be press'd
for growing in a strange Coun-
try ; I confess, the fruit is
green, and sour, and cannot
ripen till it feel the Sun-shine
of Your Princely eye ; nor
sweeten,

Dedicatory.

my sweeten, till Your approbation
shall be pleased to afford them
a liking, and that liking honour
them with a free acceptance.
There is nothing that can make
me esteem my self unhappy, but
that the severity of these times
will not permit me to tender Your
Highness that service which
my heart is ambitious to per-
form, and my duty binds me to
acknowledge : I have nothing
that I can stile my own but a fi-
deli-

The Epistle

*delious heart, which shall always
pray for Your prosperity ; and
that Your successes may (like
waves) ride in one upon the back
of another ; and that at last, You
may, like the Sun, break through
the Clouds of Opposition, and
once more shine in Your proper
Hemisphere : Heaven season your
Royal Heart with the principles
of Wisdom, and grant that You
may not Hide Your Counsels in
the bosomes of them that honour
you*

Dedictory.

*ys you with their lips, when their
ad hearts are far from You. These are
ge the serious and fervent Prayers of
k him, that desires to live no longer
u than he is willing to devote him-
self to Your Highnesses Com-
mands, and is*

Your Highnesses

most obliged

Servant,

JOHN QUARLES.

1994

TO THE
READER,

Kind Reader,

I Here present to thy view a *Fountain*, from which doth flow, *Complaints*, *Lamentations*, and *Meditations*, three necessities for these times. Never were *Complaints* more frequent than they are in this Age of obduracy and oppression; Nor *Lamentations* more requisite, than in these Lachrymable Times; Nor *Meditations* more commendable, than in these days of uncertainty. Reader, I shall desire thee to pass
by

To the Reader.

by the errors of the Press, which are now too late to correct : Had not the perverseness of these times debarr'd me from coming to the Press, the Printers Mistakes had not been so numerous. For my own part, I have nothing to boast of but this, that the judicious Reader will pardon the weakness of my endeavours, and know, that the tallest Cedars were but Twigs at first.

R E A D E R,

Farewel.

T O

My dear FRIEND

THE

AUTHOR.

THe Son begins to rise, the Father's set :
Heaven took away one light, and pleas'd to let
Another rise. Quarles, thy Light's Divine,
And it shall teach Darkness it self to shine.
Each word revives thy Father's name, his art
Is well imprinted in thy noble heart.
I've read thy pleasing lines, wherein I find
The rare Endeavours of a modest mind.
Proceed as well as thou hast well begun,
That we may see the Father by the Son.

R. L.

T O

TO
My much esteemed Friend
THE
AUTHOR,

On his Book intitl'd
Fons Lachrymarum.

T*Hou prov'st Prophetick in thy doleful Muse,
Whilst it the Prophet's mournful tears renew.
Yet e'er thy tears be spent, may England stand
In her first glory, rais'd by Charles his hand.
Then may each drop (to add unto her grace)
Turn solid pearl, and beautifie her face:
There, whilst in native brightness fix'd they be,
Their radiant lustre shall reflect on thee.*

Rich. Quiney.

Englands Complaint.

EXperience tells us those that are in pain,
Need neither *Act* nor *Ord'nance* to complain:
Griefs have their priviledge, whose passion break
All Laws, and *Losers* claim a power to speak.
If passion be too rude (*Reader*) excuse;
Grief knows no Manners, sorrow needs no Muse:
But stay my hasty quill, forbear, I know
Thou art too young, too tender yet to go
Without a guide, a guide that may direct
Thy staggering feet; a guide that may protect
Thy Infant years. Do not too much endeavour;
A fall at first, will make the lame for ever.
Invoke the *Nine*, and if they do deny
To give thee aid, complain to *Mercury*:
Tell him, thou art a *babe*, and dost desire
To warm thy *genius* by the Muses fire:

Englands Complaint.

Where are *Apollo's* off-springs are they ty'd
 In sorrows chains, e'er since *Mecenas* dy'd ?
 Or are their *Heliconian* waters spent ?
 Or do they stay t'expect a Complement ?
 I wonder what they mean, to be thus flow,
 In former times they'd run, they'l now scarce go
 My heedless *Muse*, dost thou not understand
 Th'are all distracted and dispers'd the Land ?
 Only *Melpomene*, who now appears
 Like *Niobe*, a monument of tears. (thou
 Knowst thou not this (rash *Muse*) then how canst
 Implore a help from them that know not how
 To help themselves ? Nay *Pegasus* is made
 A poor *Dragoon* ; his friends are all betrade :
 Though all distracted, and thus routed be,
 Yet, helpless *Muse*, there's Heav'n to succour thee:
 Then hear me *Heaven*, Oh hear me, now I sue,
 Th'art my *Apollo*, be *Mecenas* too ;
 And great Conductor of my soul, inspire
 My frozen heart with thy celestial fire :
 Light thou my Candle, Oh then I shall see,
 By thy own Light, how to discover thee ;

Inflame my *frozen* senses with thy spirit,
 That I may learn to live, and live t'inherit
 The glory of thy Kingdom, and to rest
 Where joys are greater than can be exprest;
 And so go on, but stay rash quill and know
 What 'tis to be ingag'd, before you go
 Too far; be careful these bad times, unless
 Your rash adventure want a good success:
 Be wary what you do; these are no times
 To please fond fancies with *lascivious Rymes*.
 Be circumspect; let every word you write
 Be Truth, and then let every word invite
 A *tear*; each *tear*, a *sigh*; that every Eye
 That reads, may melt into an *Elegie*.
 And curs'd be that dull eye, that will not lend
 A tear, or two, to see poor *England* spend.
Weeks, months & years, in sighs, in sobs, in groans,
 In tears, in pray'rs, and will't not move the stones?
 Vollics of tears, discharged from her eyes,
 Shake Heaven and Earth, and penetrate the Skies
 With sad complaints; heav'n mourns at her condition
 And weeps down showers of tears at her Petition:

Then rouze, ye *Britains*, from your flattering sleep
Hear *Englands* groans, thus she begins to weep;

No *peace*, no *ease*, no *pleasure*, is all gone,
Pursu'd with *envy* and *rebellion*?

Whither, Oh whither are my glories sent;
Banish'd my brest by Act of *Parliament*?

Vertue is fled, and scar'd into a trance
By the ill shape of *Bugbear ignorance*.

What *mists* are these that thus eclipse the light
Of *splendent truths*? From whence proceeds this
Of *darkning Errors*? how am I beguil'd (night
Of all my joys? Nay, how am I defil'd

With *leprous humours*? Oh how grief transports
My frightn'd sense! what *envy's* this resorts
Unto my swelling brest? Is there no mean,
No pleasing *Musick* to divide my scene?

Were I an *Atlas*, I could not sustain
This Firmament of grief: who can refrain
From falling, that's so much oppress'd as I
With such a burthen of *Malignity*.

Where shall I run, to whom shall I address
My burthened self, or how shall I express

My uncontroled sorrows, or relate
 Th'unhappy discord of my *façious State*?
 Where shall I fly? Is there no *Ark* above
 To hide me from these *Waves*? Is there no *Dove*
 To bring me tydings that the Land is clear,
 And that the hills of *Peace* do re appear?
 But must I perish? shall the waves of *pride*
 Dash me in pieces? still a flowing tyde,
 Still flow, and never ebb! Is there no bliss?
 Wonder sad soul! *Oh what an Ocean's this!*
Ambitious winds, why rage ye more and more,
 And make the *Seas* thus envy at the *Shore*?
 Is there no *Peter* can pray Heaven to please
 To check the *winds*, and qualifie the *seas*?
 Am I the worst of all? Is my condition
 So bad, that there is no *Petition*
 Can have an audience? Ah my conscience saith,
 I've *Peter's* fears, but yet want *Peter's* faith:

Here let us stop a little, and advise
 With flesh and blood; can greater wants arise,
 To damage souls, then *faith*, whose want procures
 All these extremes which my poor heart endures?

Oh, no, there cannot : he that wants the hand
Of *soul supporting Faith*, forgets to stand :
This is my want, and till I find relief,
I'll lie and tumble in the shades of grief,
And glut the air with sighs ; my hideous cries
Shall roar like thunder in the troubled skies :
Oh that my eyes were *Oceans*, that I may
Drown all my sorrows in one stormy day ;
Or would pleas'd *Heaven*, enable me to strain,
To gulp up *fear*, and weep them out again ,
Then should my briny streams gush forth so fast,
That every tear should strive to be the last ;
So the sweet current of my swelling eyes
Should overflow my heap'd up miseries :

I have offended Heaven, and now I see
My sins are walls betwixt my God and me,
Which stop the passage of my fervent prayers,
That there is no prevailing but by tears,
To batter down the wall that thus prevents
My cries, my vows, and hinders my intents
To Heav'n, that Heaven can send no relief,
Nor take me from this *labyrinth* of grief :

Gone are my golden, my forgotten days,
Where every bird could whistle forth my praise :

Gone are those days, when this consuming earth
Was stuff'd with pleasure, & perfum'd with mirth:

Though all be gone, yet will I strive t'endure;

He that hath made the wound, can make the cure:

For now I'm wounded, and my wounds do smart

Beyond my patience; and my tender heart,

Swell'd up with sorrow, doth predestinate

What wo must happen to my bleeding State;

My *head*, my head's tormented; and my eyes

Are dim, with gazing after vanities :

My *members* swell, like Oceans, and from thence

Proceeds so great, so large a confluence

Of noisom humors, and they run so thick,

That they surcharge, and make my stomach sick :

I've purg'd already, and that will not do,

I fear, I fear, that I must vomit too :

I doubt 'tis too much *Action* that hath bred

These ill diseases that disturb my *head*;

Oh I am sick to death, my bowels yern

I freez, I freez, and whilst I freez, I burn;

I burn, I melt, my soul is parch'd within.
 (How hot's the furnace of tormenting sin?)
 And Ah! how soon is feeble Nature lam'd
 With joynt-contracting cold; If not inflam'd
 By Heavens enlivening fire? how hots my blood
 To what is *bad*, and Ah, how cold to *good*!
 Oh grief! how two extremes perplex one heart
 So link'd together, that they cannot part!
 Thus am I tost, and doubtfully oppress'd
 Beneath the burden of a dubious brest;
 Nothing but Wars, and Tumults do arise;
 Thrice happy I, had I known how to prize
 My happiness; alas I ne'er did know
 The good of *peace*, till Heav'n was pleas'd to show:
War makes me know, what joy it was before
 To live in peace and plenty, now the more.
 I wish, I want, and now I know by this,
 This want of Peace; what a combining bliss
 It was to live united, and to praise
 That God of Peace, that blest my peaceful days
 With large increase; Oh misery to think,
 Loaded with too much pleasure, how I sink

I that was wont to boast my heaps of treasure,
 Now swim in sorrow, and now sink in pleasure:
 I that the world did envy, now am brought
 To be not worth the env'ing, worse than nought,
 Revil'd by all; see how the hand of Fate
 Hath pleas'd to make me thus unfortunate;
 What shall I do? what *physick* can procure
 A little easé? I cannot long endure.
 Where are my grave *Divines* to give advice
 To a relapsing soul? are they grown nice
 Of late? Are their conspiring hearts agreed
 T'absent themselves in this my time of need?
 What do they mean? Oh whither are they fled?
 Sure, sure, they're *silenc'd* all, or else all *dead*:
 Do they not see me falling? Do they stand
 Amaz'd, not daring to afford a hand
 To help me up? Methinks I hear them cry,
That they are falling too, as well as I.
 Where is *Religion*, that was wont to be
 The Governor of Peace, the branched tree
 That ever flourish'd? see, now every *Clown*
 Being authoriz'd presumes to cut her down.

Will they still strive with *swords*, with *guns*, with
To pickle my Religion up in tubs? (clubs)

Have they no *Reason*, hath their greedy zeal
 Swallow'd up all their Senses at one meal?

Have they agreed that *Piety* and *Reason*
 Shall be condemn'd, and voted into *Treason*?

Or hath their *hell bred thoughts* found out a way
 To turn our *Sion* to a *Golgotha*?

Hath the *Tartarian* Counsellor invented
 Such thriving plots which cannot be prevented?

Leave off base Acts, *Mechanicks* and begin
 To deal uprightly, and reform within;

Bury your *aged crimes*, and then go call
 Your stragling *senses* to the *Funeral*: (trary)

Adjourn your thoughts, which now are quite con-
 To Peace, and think a *peace* is necessary.

Honor your *higher Powers*, and do not mock,
 And vilifie them as your laughing stock.

There are a *brain sick multitude*, a *rabble*
 Of all *Religions* that do daily squabble
 About *vain shades*, and let the substance pass,
 Hating *good-manners* as they hate the *Masse*:

with 'Tis such as these which thus my *woes* advance,
 Whose *very souls* are stary'd with *ignorance* :
 'Tis such as these who daily strive to smother
 The *truth* with *flattering zeal*, & call him *brother* ,
 Nay, *holy brother*, though his *faith* be small,
 If he can *rail*, and reverently *bawl*
 Against *grave Bishops*, and their *pious King*,
 Oh this is *holy*, nay a *zealous thing* :
 And those are holy that can pray by chance
 According to the *Spirits influence*,
 And teach their *prick ear'd brethren* to deny
 The *Common Prayer*, but know no reason why ;
 And those whose great humility can be,
 Content to make a Pulpit in a *tree*,
 Or in some *Barn*, there by the Spirit pray
 Five or six hours, not caring what they say ;
 Or if a *Black smith*, or a *Tinker* can
 Hammer out *Treason*, he's a *zealous man*.
 Or if a learned *Cobler* will be sure
 To stitch it close, Oh he is a *Christian pure* !
 Oh these are holy, yea, and *learned Teachers*,
 These are *Divines*, and only these are *Preachers* :

They'l

They'l cry all learned *Prelats* out of season, (reason
 They must not preach, for fear they should speak
 Oh these are they, whose ruder tongues can cry,
 Advance, *Mechanicks*, down with *Majesty* :
 These, these, are they, whose dunghil thoughts could
 Attain perfection, but they still endeavor (never
 To banish *wisdom*, that at last they may
 Make all the world as ignorant as *they*.
 See how they've turn'd my joy to griping *sadness*,
 Plenty to *want*, and *peace* to downright *madness* :
Vertue to *vice*, and *chastity* to *vainness*,
Learning to *scorn*, *Religion* to *profaneness*,
Flattery to *Zeal*, and *non-sense* unto *Reason*,
Honor to *Shame*, and *Loyalty* to *Treason*,
Pitty to *Murder*, *Truth* to feigned *Lies*,
Prayers to *Curses*, *Plundering* to a *Prize* :
 Thus, thus, they gripe my *Soul*, and go about
 To change my shape, and turn my *inside* out.
 Unhumane *Actions*, *Ab* who can behold
 Such *Tyrannies*, and not his blood grow cold !
Break, break, ye flood-gates of my brimfill'd *eyes*,
 And let my tears have passage to surprize

This

This Fort of sorrow, and tumultuous cares,
And drench the mountains in a sea of tears.

Forbear, ye lowring *skies* ; there is no need
Ye should disburse a shower : I have agreed
With sorrow, and his *powers* still to remain
Clouded with *grief*, and fill the earth with rain ;
Oh borrid, dismal, Heav'n-provoking *times*,
Surpassing *Sodom's* ; nay *Gomorrab's* crimes
Were ne'er so bad ; *Oh Hell-invented fate*,
Worse than the worst that I can nominate.
Are these my *people*, for whose sakes I lie
Involv'd with *torments*, wrap'd in *tyranny* ?
Are these my *Sons*, whose sorrows now I weep ?
Are these my *Children* that are lul'd asleep ?
See how secure they rest, and never fear
Approaching *woe* ; mine eyes, can ye forbear
To vent ten thousand *tears* ? Oh never let
Your lids conceal you, till y've paid the debt
Ye owe to sorrow, for those *sins* which thirst
For greater plenty, than can be disburst :
Oh sigh, sad *soul*, until thy heart be sore,
Then sigh, because thou canst not sigh no more.

Oh

Oh that my voice, like *thunderclaps* could teat,
And split the *portals* of each *deafned ear*;
That so my cries might ravish every brain,
And fill'd with *horror*, make them deaf again.
And this I wish, because my *Sons* are all
So deaf, they will not hear me when I call :
Did they not flourish in a *peaceful state*,
Injoying store of all things, till of late,
They grew thus *factious* ? and have I not been;
In former times, the worlds admired *Queen* ?
Have not all *Nations* formerly been proud
To do me service ? Have they not allow'd
A due respect unto me every where,
And honoured me, if not for *love*, for *fear* ?
And must I now by your, your means incur,
As many plagues, as mischiefs can infer ?
Must I now *pine away*, that have been *strong* ?
Must I now *stoop*, that have stood up so long ?
Must I be now *subordinate* to those
That never dar'd subscribe themselves my *foes* ?
Must I be now *divided*, that was never
Divided yet ? Must I be lost for ever ?

Must I be now *consumed*, and thrown down?
 And must they scoff me now, that dar'd not frown
 In former times? Must I be now confounded?
 Must I be now revil'd, and call'd a *Roundhead*?
 Must I be now nick-nam'd? Must *frighted* fame
 Sound a Retreat, and scorn to own my name?
 Must I be now dispers'd? Must my own hand
 Destroy the bounty of my fruitful Land? (glory
 Oh grief-transcending thought, shall *England's*
 Be thus abstracted, and thus made a story
 To after Ages? Would not this perplex
 A soul, that never knew what 'twas to vex?
 What grief can equalize my grief? What pain
 Can be equivalent? Would any gain
 Experience; If they would, may they incline
 Themselves to this experienc'd grief of mine:
 Ah grief of days; what marble eye can read
 Of such extreams as mine, and never bleed?
 I would dull the sharpest brain to meditate
 Upon my grief; nay, make them desperate,
 Had *Nero* liv'd in this tempestuous age,
 He might have blush'd to see his boiling rage,

Out-

Out-vied by yours : nay, *Chorab* and his crew
Never pursu'd their *Moses*, as ye do,
With such untutor'd violence ; 'tis strange ;
Oh whither will your headlong fury range ?
Advise by times, and know there is a God
That overlooks you : Know, that *Moses* Rod
May turn a *greedy Serpent*, and devour,
As well the *greater*, as the *smaller power*.
Go, go ye sad contrivers of the times,
Consult with sorrow : Think on all those crimes
Ye have committed ; and then think what you
Have done, and after what ye have to do.
Advise with care, for your condition's such,
Tave much to do, because y'ave done too much.
Too much : Alas, too much in my *sad state*
Is done already, and I fear too late
For remedy : And secret danger lies
In dull delay ; 'tis wisdom to advise
Betimes, for true and timely care prevents
Untimely ruin, hindring the intents
Of studied *malice* : Industry prepares
A *balm* for that which *negligence* impairs.

Those that by dreaming sloth, sustain a loss,
Obtain least pity, and the greatest cross.
Consider what a grief 'twill be to see
The sad distraction of this *Monarchie*
Wrought by your sloathful negligence, when all
My lofty structures, by your hands must fall:
Nay, worse than this, [when *famine* shall devour
What *fire* and *sword* hath left; when every hour
The *Bells* shall toul, with such a feeble sound,
As if that they themselves, a want had found.
Will it not melt a stone to hear the cries
Of *hungry children*, and the sad replies
Of their *dejected friends*? who can forbear
To think on this, and never shed a tear?
How children cry for bread, and fain would rest,
Seeking protections in their Mothers brest.
Alas poor *Orphans*, how are they beguil'd,
When the *sad mother's* forc'd to eat the *child*
For want of food, & make their blood their drink!
Oh what a wounding sorrow 'tis to think
How all will be destroy'd, both *young* and *old*,
How *warm blood* will be mingled with the *cold*!

How you will roar and cry for want of bread,
 Some on the ground, some dying, and some dead;
 Some gnaw their flesh, & some fight who shall eat
 Each other; *Oh uncomfutable meat.*

And then *ravning Wolves* seek up and down
 To find a prey, in every starved town,
 Shall eat *deaths reliques*; having spent that store,
 Shall ransack up and down, and howl for more.
 All *beasts* and *fowls*, shall then amazed stand,
 To see the *Sea* is turn'd into a *Land*;

The *Land* into a *Sea*, a *Red Sea*, where
 Nothing but *bones*, instead of *fishes* are. (groans,
 Where nothing's heard, but cries, and shrieks, and
 Where nothing's seen, except consuming bones.

Oh had you but the power to apprehend
 These sad *destructive dangers*, how they tend
 Daily towards us, with all the power that they
 Can make, as if they'd rout us in one day:

Dull sons of men, have you forgot to rise,
 And draw the *Curtains* of your slumbring eyes?
 Methinks this hot *Alarm* should now affright
 Your souls for ever from your fond delight!

What do ye mean? ye cannot chuse but hear
 Heav'ns thundring Judgments ratling in your ear.
 What have ye sworn Allegiance to the Prince
 Of utter darkness? Will no words convince
 Your stubborn Souls? Has a perpetual vow
 Been lately past, betwixt *Hells Prince* and you?
 Why do you thus delight to overthrow
 Your selves, and lose a Kingdom at one blow?
 Oh where are my *grave Rulers* to correct
 These their *enormous* humors, that infect
 The world with *Errors*? To what fatal place
 Are all my *Senators* retired?

*You my Triennial Powers, come and dispose
 Your ears to my discourse; and I'll disclose
 My grief to you, whose judgments can prescribe
 A timely remedy without a bribe.*

Then bark!

THe climbing power of my disease is grown
 To such a height, that I can hardly own
 A minutes rest; my *body politic*
 You apprehend (I know) is very sick;

Then let the depth of understanding move
The depth of pity, that ye may remove
These growing inconveniences, that moan
For your assistance : Can a Kingdom groan,
And not be heard ? Can a disease remain
VVithin my body, and not I complain
Of what I suffer ? That were Tyranny
Not to be parallel'd : O pitty me,
And let the fervour of my language turn (burn
Your thoughts to tears, to quench those flames that
My wasting intrals : Let your hearts relent
VVith meditating on my discontent :
Open your willing ears, and hear me call ;
Oh do not fall a slumbring whilst I fall :
Oh hear me soon, that now complain too late :
Let my complaints make you compassionate ;
Dissolve into a Sea of tears, Involve
Your selves in sackcloth : Let your minds revolve
Upon your *native soil* ; resolve to spend
Your greatest skills, to consummate the end
Of my distractions ; and let *mercy* joyn
VVith *justice* ; so shall endless love combine

Your

Your souls : That like *Ezekiels* wheels ye may
Run one within another, and not stray :
But like *Isaiabs* Seraphims, may cry,
O holy, holy, holy God on high.

But stay ? nor can I end, my griefs must fly
A little further ; Mountains that are high
Must be discovered : Mole-hills often times
Lie out of sight, like undiscovered crimes,
A publick sorrow oftentimes admits
A cure from them, whose more concreted wits
Do daily study with more active arts
More *publick* mischief with more *private* hearts :
Doth not the fawning *Crocodile* obtain
By publick sorrow her more private gain ?
Doth not the crafty *Lapwing* cry the least,
VVhen she is nearest to her close-made nest ?
Are there not those in this conniving age,
VVhose outward meekness is but inward rage ?
Are there not those in these contentious times,
That live by nothing, but their private crimes ?
Oh grief to speak it : Are there not a sort
Of wilful people, that can make a sport

At others ruines, whose pretended *zeal*
 Hath bred much mischief in this *Common-weal*?
 Are there not those that would pretend to be
Reformers, yet deform a *Monarchy*?
 Are there not those, whose *upstart honors* crave
 Perpetual durance, only to enslave
 The *Sons of honor*? Thus they play the theif,
 And joy in nothing, but in others grief.
 Are there not those, who in one breath can cry
 Against a *Liar*, yet can forge a *lye*
 For their advantage, and abjure the *Laws*?
Lyes are no *lyes*, if they advance their *Cause*.
 Are there not those that persecute the *Arts*,
 And yet retain *Monopolizing* hearts?
 Are there not those that daily take delight
 To twist themselves into anothers *right*?
 Do not all *these*, which I have nam'd, pretend
 To do all this to a *religious end*?
 And ah *Religion*! how art thou betray'd
 By those whose worthless industry have laid
 Thine *honour* in the dust; nay, and have thrown
 Dirt in their faces, that shall dare to own

Thy

Thy very name? these are a sort of people
 That love no Church, because they hate the steeple:
 I dare affirm, that Proteus ne'er could be
 So much transform'd, as they have transform'd
 Nor can I yet conclude; I must deplore (these:
 My greater sorrows, yet a little more
 Let no man take exceptions, for I speak
 Unto my self; sorrow must find a leak,
 I cannot hold; and oh that I were able
 To make my feeble tongue infatigable,
 That by my full expressions, I may prove
 How much the Serpent over-rules the Dove.

There was a time (not long since) when my fit
 Had found an expiation, if those wits
 (VWhich prov'd too serpentine) had not delay'd
 Their too-soon violated vows, and play'd
 A double game: I even blush to name
 VVhat odds they had, and how they lost the game.
 The world (though sad) is not so melancholy;
 But that it smiles at, and records that folly:
 The breach of vows cracks honor, and the loss
 Of opportunity deserves a cross

In honors book; and he that shall neglect
 A publick good, shall find a bad respect
 In private hearts, and *ruine* must attend
A publick Act, for a private end.

Are there not those hate *Rome*, and yet make room
 For *Cataline*, and labour to entomb
 His vile *prescriptions* in their Romish thoughts,
 And yet excuse *themselves*, and *him*, from faults?
 Do I not see them how they run his *paths*
 With headlong force, and prosecute his *Laws*?
 Do I not see their *Agents*, how they strive
 To ruine *others*, and to keep alive
Themselves, that liv'd not, till this greedy age
 Rak'd them from *dunghils*, to adorn the *Stage*
 Of *bell-bred Tyranny*? Do I not see
 How much they'r honor'd for their *Tyranny*?

The *Salamander*, when he's crown'd with fire,
 Is in his Kingdom; if his Crown expire,
 His life concludes: Tell me what then remains,
 Except the relicks of consuming flames.

Even so the *Salamanders* of these days, (blaze,
 (Whose hearts are made of flame) at last will
 And

Englands Complaint.

25

and smother into *ashes*: Thus declin'd,
 What can they leave (except a stink) behind?
 Each thing must live within its *Element*;
Discretion tells us, fishes must content
 themselves with water; and all things must live
 content, with that which Heav'n was pleas'd to
 'Tis only *man* that surfeits with desire: (give
 the *earth*, the *air*, the *water*, quickning *fire*,
 and all, was made for *man*, and *man* was made
 of all these things: Oh let it not be said,
 that *fire* predominates, and breeds contest
 Within my bowels, and destroys the rest.
 Oh strive, now your *unruly flames* arise,
 to quench your hearts with *water* from your eyes:
 strive not with *Cataline*, that lavish creature,
 to stop great *mischiefs*, by *enacting* greater:
 But tell me now, how can your thoughts reflect
 upon a *Peace*, when as ye dis-respect
 the *principle*? 'tis an uncertain way
 to gain a *Peace* by *Arms*; for every day
 will breed new *tumults*, which will in conclusion
 surround you with *Armies* of confusion:

Peace

Peace cannot swim in *blood*, *blood* cannot stand
 Like *pools of water* in a *peaceful Land*.
 Delight not thus in *contraries*; forsake
 Your former ways, let not your hearts partake
 Of *blood* and *ruine*; Heav'n will never own
 A *blood-bedabel'd* soul: 'Tis not unknown,
 How ye have belch'd out *oaths*, and vow'd to bring
Peace to your *Country*, *honor* to your *King*: (gl
 Now where's your *Countries peace*? now wher's
 Your *King* was promis'd? *Oh nefarious story*!
 Can *peace* and *strife* cohabitate? Can *fame*
 And *glory* be imprison'd? 'Tis your shame,
 Not *his dishonor*, that ye perpetrate
 Such *horrid acts*: I tremble to relate
 What I have suffer'd: Is't not you that have
 Exploded all my *comforts*? You that crave
 (Like *greedy Cormorants*) still more and more,
 Pretending *charity*, yet starve the *poor*?
 Was it not you, whose active hand provided
 To pull down *Crosses*, that have thus divided
 My yielding people? Can ye now pull down
 These *Crosses* ye have builded? You that crow

Your hearts with *malice*, will you always stand
 in opposition? Will you still command
 in spite of fortune? Will ye always be
 Majestick too, in spite of *Majesty*?
 I may affirm, that never *Nation* had
 so good a King, whose Subjects are so bad.
 Do ye not see how Heav'n pleas'd to smile
 upon his soul, and bless him all the while
 With long continued patience? It is he
 whose life, hath given life to Piety.
 He is a second *Job*, whose patience can
 Outvie the base indignities of man:
 Go ransack *Europe*, see if you can find
 A more composed Prince, whose noble mind
 Can entertain a grief, and never vent
 But turn his passion into blest content;
 Whole volumes of his griefs may be express;
 And since I dare not speak, I'll weep the rest:
 Oh stop my tears, or else my eyes will flow
 into a deluge; for many sorrows know
 No mean at all, extreams of tears must fall
 for such extreams of grief: Attend me all

Whose

Whose hearts are not too flinty ; I'll declare (c
 Your Sovereigns suffering, with your Sovereign
 How many widowed nights has his sad heart
 Worn out with sorrow, having none t'impart
 His thoughts unto, except he please to spend
 His language on the ears of such a friend
 As *Haman* was; whose un-restrained power
 Punish his own offence in half an hour.
 Judge you, whose hearts have vow'd a double li
 What are th'endearments of a tender Wife. (ble
 Judge you, what 'tis whom bounteous Heav'n ha
 With numerous off-springs, to be dispossess
 Of those increasing comforts, which descry,
 No real joy, but in their Parents eye.
 And if th' enjoyment of these blessings yield
 Such large content, needs much the want unshie
 The soul of comfort : O unhappy fate !
Who'd be a father at so dear a rate ?
 A wife, unhappy, happy word ; a wife
 Happy oft-times to an unhappy life :
 A wife, that word importeth joys
 Unparallel'd ; that very word destroys

ermies of grief, and oftentimes it brings
heav'nly sorrow to the hearts of Kings;
and curs'd be they, heav'n gives me leave to speak,
that shall presume to separate, or break
conjugal bands; how many in this Land
be subject to this curse? how many stand
amaz'd, almost distracted, that have been
Rulers? Heav'n bless my King, protect my Queens;
how many false aspersions have you cast
upon their heads? Did ye not strive to blast
their spotless honors? What was spoke of late,
mate to think, much more to nominate:
omit it had been truth, then had ye not
prov'd much unjust, to leave so large a blot
within this Kingdom: Thus you can descry
inferior mole-hills, but let mountains lie,
But tell me then, is this the only way,
to make a glorious King? Heaven grant he may
want such obnoxious honor, till he crave
honor from you, to whom he honors gave:
consider well, and ye will find it true
was heav'n that made him glorious, and not you:

'Twas

'Twas he that fill'd his soul with true renown,
 And crown'd his Cross, as you have cross'd his Crown;
 Heav'n breaks no Covenants, he never fails,
 He never ~~unvotes~~ what he votes, or rails
 Against his enemies, but grieves to see
 Their souls run headlong to their destiny.
 Abused Peace perverts into a Curse:
 What can be better, or what may be worse
 Than Peace, whose presence (like the Sun) displac'd
 Its golden ensigns; whose refulgent rays
 Adorn the earth, and fill the gazing eye
 With glorious light, and peaceful Majesty?

But when rude Boreas summons all his power
 And argues with the Seas; In half an hour
 You may behold a change: they which before
 Were wrapt in silence, now begin to roar
 Into a fury; contradictions bring
 Endless disputes: Shall Boreas be a King,
 And rule th' unruly waves? (when surges meet
 How rudely do they part, how rudely greet!)
 Whilst peaceful Zephyrus must be deny'd
 To breath upon the floods? Can storms abide

or ever? No: rash *Boreas* must at last
 submit to *Zephyrus*; whose milder blast
 proclaims a sudden Peace, and strives to grace
 the simp'ring Ocean with a smoother face:
 But whither am I hurried? slack my sails,
 Ay beyond my Port: I find the gales
 of grief are too robustious, and I doubt
 cannot anchor here, but tack about.
 Seven years are now compleated since my grief
 had its initiation, yet relief
 stands at a distance: Peace is in a doubt.
 Whether to come *within*, or stay *without*.
 Your rash proceedings, and your great disgraces
 make Peace even blush to look you in the faces:
 O miserable men that live to know
 such times, such a reduplicating woe!
 Is there no art remains? Is there no way
 to set you right, that thus have gone astray?
 Is there no faithful Lot to pray for Peace,
 And stop the cause, that so th' effect may cease?
 Is there no *Jonah* dare proclaim and cry
 Into the sons of men, Destruction's night?

But are they all asleep, now sorrows swarm?

(Ob how can they repose in such a storm!)

Rouze slumbring souls, and lift your heads abo

The decks of negligence? The God of Love

Will be too angry if you sleep too long: (stom

Advance your thoughts, and let your pray'rs b

For me, who am thus weak, and must decay,

Except this grief encreasing *Remora*

Be wip'd away; Oh may I not offend

The Auditor of Heav'n, if I shall spend

Some words to this effect; I must confess

Dear God, I am corrupted, I address

My self to thee; Oh let thy healing hand

Prescribe a Balsam for this bleeding Land:

I have been too progressive, grant I may

Be retrograded to my former way:

Spoil not the path because I step'd aside,

Correct my feet, and let the path abide, (small

What though the path be something rough an

Better's a rough path, than no path at all;

For now I ramble up and down, and see

No certainty, except of miserie.

Is it discretion to pull down a fair
Cathedral Church, because one spider's there?
Is it discretion to condemn the Sun
Because the *Dial's* false? the times must run
Their revolutions; set the *Dial* right,
Then you'll not want a truth till *Sol* wants light.
Let all things move within their orbs; suppose
Th' inferior lights shall labor to depose
The Prince of light, & drive him from his throne;
And by an usurpation make't their own: (fright
What strange aspects would this produce t' *af-*
Supine Astronomers, to see that light,
Which was at distance, now approach so near,
And blaze in an improper Hemisphere:
Consider then, would not the Stars let fall
Too great an influence, the Sun too small,
On humane bodies? Oh may they remain
In their own Region, then would *Sol* again
Enjoy his just prerogatives, and feed
The world with such a lustre, as I need:
Peace is the light I want, could I obtain
But Peace, how soon should I survive again!

Peace is the best Physician; I require
Nothing but Peace to quench my hot desire.

A good Physician will be sure to see;
E'er he prescribes, where lies the maladic;
Then he'll begin to study, and to try
What may be best; whether *Plebotomy*
Be good, and if it be, opens a vein,
And so restores his Patients ease again:
Thus, thus, *grand authors* of my woe should you
Have done at first; if ye had been but true
To me; but when at first my griefs you saw
Ye thought it good to purge me with your Law
And having purg'd me, ye began to see
How weak I was; and what a low degree
Ye'ad brought me to, and then ye fell at strife,
By killing me, how to preserve my life;
You brought *strange Doctors* to me, whose advice
I'm sure was purchas'd by too high a price:
They bid me lift my *arms* up to my *head*,
And stir my *body*; for diseases bred
For want of *exercise*: they bid me play
A game or two at *Irish* every day.

I took th'advice, then I begun to find
 A sudden alteration, and my mind
 Was so transported, that me thoughts the ground
 Began to dance, and I my self turn'd round:
 I fell into a trance, with this presumption,
 And ever since I've liv'd in a Consumption.
 Let this example all the world assure,
 An English grief will have no Scottish cure.
 And so farewell, if these be your conditions,
 Henceforth you may prove— But not Physicians.

Englands Petition to Heaven.

A H me! Ab me! can nothing but Ab me (shout)
 Fly from my barren heart, (dear God) to
 Ab me! and why will not that word import
 Ten thousand Prayers, that so I may resort
 Unto thy ears by Troops? then would I run
 Division on ab me, till time were done.

Weak as I am, distracted and desir'd,
 I prostitute my self, not as a child

36 *Englands Petition to Heaven.*

Of *Sin*, but as a *Parent* that has had
 A numerous *off-spring*; Now my heart is sad.
 Oh grant that my unfeigned *grief* may grow
 Upon a real *graft*, that I may show
 The fruit of perfect sorrow, and declare
How great my sins, how great thy mercies are:
 Storm thou my *sins*, and force them to retreat,
 And make my craving *breast* thy *mercies* seat:
 Strike thou my *flinty soul*, that my desires
 May, from a *spark*, encrease to *flames*; Thy fires
 Must thaw my *Icy Soul*, or else I shall
 Remain for ever a *congealed Gall*:
 I am compos'd of *steel*, and cannot bow,
 Except thy *dear instructions* teach me how:
 Attract me by the *loadstone* of thy *grace*,
 That through thy *mercies* I may see thy *face*;
 And having view'd it, I may never more
 Return to what I *Idoliz'd* before;
 I have a *Lydia's heart*, in mercy please
 To open it, *thy mercies are the keys*:
 Ravish my *Soul*, that I may fall in love
 With thee; my *God*; with thee, that art a *Dove*

Of innocency: Let my *raptures* mount
 As high as Heav'n, that there I may recount
 Thy never *failing love*, and sing thy praise
 With *David's heart*, until the last of days:
 Tune thou my *stupid soul*, and then it shall
 Be truly *sweet*, and heav'nly *musical*:
 Convert my *swords* to *sighs*, that I may fight
 With my own *crimes*, and hate to take delight
 To *lacerate my self*; Oh tye the hands
 Of fury! *make me stoop to thy commands*.
 Convert my *tydes of blood* to *streams of tears*;
 My *lyes* to *truths*, my *horrid oaths* to *pray'rs*:
 Make me to apprehend how *thou* hast wept
 Of late for *me*, whilst I securely slept.
 Let not thy *tears* destroy me, but let me
 Dissolve to tears (dear God) and weep to thee:
 Is it the *heat* of my *offences* makes
 The *Heav'ns* to melt, (O Heav'n some pity take!)
 Or has thy *great discretion* thought it good
 To send those *showers* to *wash away that blood*
 Which I have lost; I know thy purer eyes
 Cannot endure a *bloody sacrifice*.

38 *Englands Petition to Heaven.*

Oh stop thy *boote*, pity my *sad times*,
 And grant to me more *tears* or fewer *crimes* !
 Be pleas'd to view me with a gracious eye,
 And let the lustre of thy *Majesty*
 Reflect upon me, let thy *glorious light*
 Create a day of *mercy*, that the *night*
 Of *sin* may be expell'd ; Oh hear my pray'rs
 Usher'd unto thee with a tyde of *tears* !
 To me, Oh let thy *mercies* be exprest,
 And fill the *concave* of a sinful *breast* ;
 Sinful, ah *sinful*, more than I am able
 With language to exprest, *intolerable* :
 Behold my *festred soul*, whose wounds proceed
 From *sin*, and being dress'd with *sin*, they bleed ;
 They bleed (dear Heav'n) *they bleed*, Oh what a
 A flood they make ! & I am bath'd in *blood* : (flood
 Oh stop this *current* that does still begin,
 Or I shall drown a *Kingdom* in my *sin* !
 Oh look upon me, and in mercy please
 To send me *salve* to palliate my disease !
 Begin to hear (O GOD) begin to send,
 That so my sorrows may begin to end.

THE
LAMENTATIONS
OF
JEREMIAH.

CHAP. I.

Contents.

1. *The miserable estate of Jerusalem by reason of her sin, 12. She complaineth of her grief, 18. And confesseth God's judgements to be righteous,*

HOW doth the City, that was blest of late
With store of people, now lament her state?
How like a poor distressed widow she
Deplores her sorrows, that was wont to be

Great among *Nations* ? greater far than any ;
How tributary is she now to many ?

2 She drowns her blushing cheeks with midnight
And from her *lovers* can obtain no pray'rs : (tear

Her *friends* arm'd all with treachery, arise
And shew themselves her publick *enemies* ;

3 Spur'd with affliction *Judah's* forc'd to fly,
And throw her self into *Captivity* ;

Because of sense consuming servitude

She dwells amongst the *Heathen* multitude :

Her *Foes* o'er-took her when she was distrest ;

Well might she wish for, but could take no rest.

4 *Sion* is with redoubted grief surpriz'd,
Because her *feasts* by none are solemniz'd :

Her *Gates* are fill'd with *desolation*, and

Her *Virgins* tortur'd with *affliction's* hand :

Her *Priests* with sighs, heart-breaking sighs, express

Their grief : Ah *Sion's* fill'd with bitterness !

Her chiefest people are her chiefest *foes* ;

5 Just *Heav'n* with these innumerable woes

Plagues her transgressions ; and the enemy

Drives her dear *Children* to *Captivity*.

Jeremiah's Lamentations.

41

And that rare beauty, which adorn'd and grac'd 6
 Sions dear daughter, is of late defac'd :
 Her *Princes* fly, and ransack all about,
 Like hungry *Harts* to find a pasture out :
 They all are fled, and flying can procure
 No strength t' oppose the merciless *pursuer*.
 But when *Jerusalem* was thus confin'd 7
 T' afflictions lawless bounds, she call'd to mind
 Her by past pleasures and those days which she
 Had spent in *time devouring jollitie* ;
 For now her crying *sins* are grown so great, (*seat* : 8
 That *Heav'n* hath thrown her from his *Mercy's*
 All those that lov'd her; yea, and highly priz'd her,
 Seeing her shameful *nakedness*, despis'd her :
 She sighs & turns her back, as though she'd borrow
 A private *breath* t' express a publick *sorrow* :
 For being fill'd with wickedness, Her end 9
 She never thought of ; neither had she *friend*
 To comfort her : Ob Lord my God, behold
 My great afflictions : Ab my foe grows bold,
 And magnifies himself : His stretch'd-out hand 10
 Hath spoil'd the pleasures of my fruitful Land :
 The

*The very Heathen, whom thou didst deny
Thy Congregation, do contempt, despise
Thy just commands: and with unseemly paces
Inforce an entrance to thy holy places.*

11 *Her bread desiring people, fill'd with grief,
Give their chief treasures for a small relief,
Behold, O Lord, consider my distress,
For I am vile, and fill'd with wickedness.*

12 *Oh stop your hasty feet, ye that pass by,
And look upon my new-bred misery;
Sum up the totals of all grief, then borrow
A million more; 'Tis nothing to that sorrow
Which I support, wherewith the angry power
Hath pleas'd to afflict me in His wrathful hour:*

13 *For he, from his all-ruling throne hath sent
Into my bones a fiery Government:
Yea, and his ever-active hand hath set,
To ensnare my feet, a Heav'n contrived net:*

14 *And I am desolate, and fainting lie;
Being turn'd from him, am turn'd to misery.*

15 *Fast to my servile neck He hath bound on
The wreathed yoke of my transgression;*

Impair'd

Impair'd my strength, and by His just commands
I'm thrown into my persecutors hands,
Where I, remorseless I, must still remain,
Void of all hope to be enlarg'd again.
His unresisted strength hath broke the bones,
And made a foot-stool of my Mighty Ones :
A great Assembly He hath call'd that may
Annihilate my young men that will not obey ;
And Judah's fairest Virgin Daughter's trod
In a winepress by th' Almighty God.
And oh these sorrows, oh these miseries
Stir up a tempest in my clouded eyes !
Mine eyes, mine eyes, run o'er, I daily spend
More tears than any brain can apprehend :
My foes prevail, my children all are led
Into Captivity, my hopes are fled.
Sion spreads forth her feeble arms t'express
She seeks for comfort, but is comfortless.
The Lord of Hosts commands that Jacobs eyes
Shall round about him see his enemies ;
And poor despis'd, distressed Jerusalem
Is as a menstruous woman amongst them.

18 My God is *just*, yet I, rebellious I,
 Transgress against his glorious Majesty :
 Oh hear *my people*, let your ears but borrow
 A minutes time, from *Time*, to hear my sorrow
 My *Virgins*, and my young men all are fled

19 Into *Captivity* ; my *Priests* are dead :
 My *Friends* refuse to hear me when I call ;
 For want of *food* my hungry *Elders* fall.

20 O Lord, behold, see how I am oppress'd,
 My heart thumps at the portals of my breast :
 Oh, I have sinned, and my sins indite me ; (m
 Abroad the *Sword*, at home grim *Death* affright

21 My friends have heard my *groaning*, and my grief
 Is known to them ; But I know no relief :
 My *foes* with clamorous voices fill the earth,
 And make my *grief* the subject of their mirth :
 But *Heav'n* hath nam'd a day when these my *foes*
 Shall be *Co-partners* in my mock'd at woes.

22 O God, let not their faults be hid from thee,
 But deal with them as thou hast dealt with me :
 My heart is faint, my struggling sighs are many,
 My griefs too great to be express'd by any.

Meditatio in Capitulum.

If thou wouldst know, my *Soul*, what harms at-
 A *sinner's* progress to his journeys end: (tend
 ere, here, thou mayst, if with impartial eyes
 thou wilt observe th'unsatiate *miseries*
 Of poor *Jerusalem*, whose tedious *groans*,
 whose *sighs*, and *sobs*, & *tears*, the world bemoans.
 Observe her heedless steps, and thou shalt know
 'twas the *Author* of her self-will'd *Woe*.
 'twas sweet first, but sowre in th'event,
 that little word assumes a large extent:
 where *Sin* predominates, there we may find
 the inconvenience of a troubl'd *mind*:
 or when the *mind's* perplex'd, then we begin
 either to fall to, or to fall from *Sin*:
 or like the restless Sea, she's active still,
 and always agitating *good* or *ill*;
 well imploy'd, she builds a *wall* about
 the *Soul*, to keep approaching *dangers* out:

But

But if she spends her thriftless hours in Evil,
 She makes a banquet to invite the Devil,
 Who with his subtle and misguiding force
 Will re-invite her to a second course.

And then let Christians judge how much disquiet
 That Soul sustains that loves the Devils dyet.

Ah then my Soul, if thou desir'st to be
 Exempted from the lot of miserie,
 Make Heav'n thy refuge; there thou mayst be
 To find contentment and repose secure:

Thou needst not fear, there is no poy's'nous thing
 Can wound that Soul, that truly loves his King
 Nor all the malice mortals can invent
 Shall add to thee one mite of discontent:

There is no sorrow, no calamity
 T'oppress thy thoughts; No wry-look'd enemy
 T'upbraid thy actions: then my Soul advise
 How much it profits to be heav'nly wise.

Ah had Jerusalem, whose grief no pen
 Can e're engrave into the hearts of men,
 Been wisely wary, she had never known
 Those late resp'd sorrows, which her sins had sown

And she but search'd her bosom, and contriv'd
Her actions well, her glory had surviv'd :
And she with David's tears in time repented,
Whose uncorrected sins her heart lamented,
She had not felt those judgments which did wait
Upon the ruins of her falling State :
But whilst her eyes were muffled and deluded,
Folly came in where Reason was excluded.
Needs must that Kingdom unto ruine run,
Where folly sets and rises with the Sun.
Like as the body that's oppress'd with grief,
Can neither hope for, nor obtain relief,
Till the disease be known, there's none can tell
The rage of sickness that was always well :
Even so Jerusalem ; because that she
Judg'd not the Reason of her Misery
Till she was past recovery, could never
Have health restor'd her, but was sick for ever.
Alas ! alas ! that Kingdom needs must fall,
That has a grief so Epidemical.
And she but like the Ninevites in time
Stop'd those distemp'ring humors which did climb
Above

Above her strength, her grief had quickly ended
 And heav'n revok'd those judgements he intended
 Medicines are vain things when apply'd too late
 And through delay a grief grows desperate:
 He that is Sin-sick is in bad condition,
 Except Heav'n please to be his Soul's Physician:
 And if God once deny his Patient bliss,
 Whose must the fault be, when the fault's not his?

Alas! alas! 'tis but in vain for any
 To strive to cure one grief, that had so many
 As sad Jerusalem had; her plagues were more
 Than all the world could reckon up before:
 She had a Monop'ly, she need not borrow,
 She was the Hieroglyphick of all sorrow.
 Yet if in time she'd made repentant moan,
 Heav'n could have cur'd them all as well as one.
 There is no Sin, let it be great or small,
 But Heaven can find a balsom for them all.
 My Soul, thou art my Monarch, therefore I
 May boldly look into thy Monarchy:
 First, praise thou Heav'n, then learn to be content
 With what he sends thee; let thy government

Be still *Mouarchical*, and fenc'd about
With *feruent prayer*, to keep *Sedition* out.
Let *watch* and *ward* be kept, lest *Traitor Sin*
Betray thee; Let not *Faction* come within
Thy *lists*: And still be careful to surprize
Rebellion. thoughts, as soon as they arise:
For if they once appear within thy *borders*
They'l breed *confusion*, and *confus'd disorders*.
Learn to be *wisely politick*, and be
Ready to let *Religion* counsel thee.
Let *Reason* be thy *guide*, and let thy *Laws*
Be *truly executed*: Let thy *Cause*
Be just and real: then my *Soul*, be sure
To let thy *fundamental Laws* endure,
Till he that sits on the *refulgent Throne*
Shall take thee hence, and keep thee for his own.

C H A P. II.

Contents.

1. Jeremiah lamenteth the misery of Jerusalem

20. He complaineth thereof to God.

1 **B**Ehold! Heav'n's Metropolitan hath spread
 His gloomy clouds of *anger* on the head
 Of sad *Jerusalem*: He hath destroy'd
 Those bounteous treasures *Israel* enjoy'd;
 And from his *mem'ry* hath his footstool thrown,
 When he with floods of *anger* was o'erflown.
 2 And *Jacob's* habitations he unfram'd,
 And wrathfully consum'd them: Thus inflam'd
 The strongest Castles *Judab's* Daughter had,
 He tumbled down, and made her people sad:
 And he, to shew what his grand power could do
 Defil'd the *Kingdom*, and the *Princes* too.
 His two edg'd *passion* hath cut off the horn
 And *Chief* of *Israel*, made him a scorn

To his deriding *Foes*, and also staid,
Yea, and withdrawn his *right hand* from his ayd.
His fury like an all-consuming flame
Burn'd against *Jacob*, and devour'd his name.
His wrestless *arm* hath bent his yielding bow;
He stood resolved like a dauntless foe :
And in the *Tabernacle* he hath flew
The eyes delight, like fire his anger flew.
He threw down *Israels* strongest situations,
And fill'd *Jerusalem* with lamentations.
And like a fruitless garden hath laid void
Th'infected *Tabernacle*, and destroy'd
Th'*Assemblies* structures ; and an angry wind
Hath blown their *Feasts* and *Sabbaths* from his
Both *Kings* and *Priests* in anger he forgot, (mind ;
And look'd on them as if he saw them not.
His *holy places*, and his *Altar* he
Abhorr'd : and gave unto his *Enemie*
Her fairest *palaces* : their ill-tun'd voyces,
As on a *feast-day*, fill'd the *Church* with noises.
His *band* stretch'd forth a line, when he intended
To ruine *Sion* that so much offended :

He hath resolv'd *destruction* ; therefore all
The *rampart* languish'd, with the gliding *wall*.
He hath destroy'd, and batter'd down her *grates*
The gaping *Earth* imbowell'd all her *Gates* :
Her *King* and *Princes* dwell with *Gentiles* ; and
Her *Laws* are banish'd from her *lawless-Land* :
Her *Prophets* gaze about ; the frowning skies
Do represent no *vision* to their eyes.

Her mournful *Elders* on the ground repose,
And silently consent unto their woes : (crown'd
They cloth'd themselves with *sackcloth*, and they
Their *heads* with *dust*, they borrowed from the
No joys were pleasing to the eyes of them (ground
That were the *Virgins* of *Jerusalem*.

My bowels yern, my tear-distilling eyes
Are sore with gazing on the *miseries*
Of frail *Jerusalem* : Alas, the feet
Of her dear *sucklings* stagger in the street !

And like the wounded in the *City* send
Their *sighs* for *food*, unto their dearest *friend* :
And whilst they slumbred on their *mothers brest*,
They pour'd their *souls* into *eternal rest*.

What shall I witness for thee, O thou Gem,
Thou pining *Daughter* of *Jerusalem*?
To what shall I compare thee? What can be,
Oh *Sions* Daughter, equal unto thee?
Let all the world recure thee, if they can:
For Ah, thy *breach* is like the *Ocean*!
Alas, thy purblind *Prophets* all have been
Hoodwinck'd with *folly*, & *vain things* have seen:
But ne'er discover'd thine *iniquity*,
Which was the *cause* of thy *Captivity*.
Their mis-informed *senses* were content
To see false *Reasons* for thy *Banishment*.
All that pass by, and saw thee thus decaying,
Clapt their *rude hands*, yea hilt at thee, thus saying;
Is this the *City* that the *worldlings* call
Beauties Perfection? This the *joy* of all?
Thy *foes* revile thee, and as they pass by
They gnash their teeth against thee; thus they cry
This is the day we look'd for, now we know
She is destroy'd, we see her *overthrow*.
That which the *King* of *Heav'n* devised, now
He hath enacted and fulfill'd his *vow*:

He hath thrown down without remorse, O see,
Thy *adversaries* triumph over thee.

This hath th' *Almighty* done for them, at length
He made them strong, yea & advanc'd their strength

18 They mov'd the Lord with their uncessant cries

O wall of Sions daughter, let thine eyes
Run down like rivers, give thy self no sleep;
Forget to smile, and practise how to weep.

19 Arise and in the silent night bemoan

Thy grief; O cry unto th' *Almighty One* :
In the beginning of the watch implore
Thy growing sorrows; make a flood before
Th' *Eternals* face : O crave that he would please
To send thy young, faint, hungry children ease.

20 Consider Lord, to whom thou'st done this great,

This unrepented ill : Shall women eat
Their span-long Children ? Shall thy slain Priests lie
Tomb'd with thy Prophets in thy Sanct'ary ?

21 The young and old have shar'd in equal harms,

They lie and tumble in each others arms :

Upon the flinty streets my virgins fall,

With my young men ; the sword dissolv'd them all :

Thus

Thus in thine *anger* hast thou struck them dead ;
 Thus hast thou kill'd, and never pitied.
 As in a *solemn day*, my *terror* round
 About thou'lt called, so that none was found
 In the *Lord's day* of *anger* to remain :
 Those that I swaddled and brought up, in vain
 I brought them up ; The *enemy* infum'd,
 Envy'd this *Off-spring*, and their *days* consum'd.

Meditatio in Capitulum.

See, see, my Soul, *what* Heaven hath done ! O see
What 'tis t' offend a pow'rful Majesty !
 Go, go, and quickly tell the sons of men
What 'tis to rouse a Lyon from his Den :
 Bid them keep peace and quietness in Sion ;
 Bid them turn Lambs, or Heaven will turn a Lyon.
 Bid them take notice, she that was the Stem
 Of Honor, now is poor Jerusalem.

*Alas ! Alas ! experience made her know
Grief's abstract, and the quintessence of woe,
And ah my Soul ! who knows the course of sorrow
There 'tis to day, it may be here to morrow.
Then have a care, let thy well-tutor'd grief
Know rather how to purchase a relief,
Than plagues and torments : Let thy sober will
Be sway'd by reason ; let thy reason still
Lead thee to meditation ; then begin
To search thy self, and cypher up thy sin,
Having that done, thou quickly wilt descry
Thy grief, and where th' imperious humors lie ;
And having found them out, let no delay
Damage thy Soul, but quickly haste away ;
And from the bottom of thy heart confess
Thy greatest sins, so Heaven may make them less.
O, kiss the Son ; for if his anger be,
Yea, but a little kindled, blest is he
Whose groping Soul his seal'd up mercies found,
And cast his anchor in so firm a ground.
Heav'n smiles on them, whose oft repeated pray'r
Expands their sins, and makes their God their care.*

But when revolting negligence shall call
Confounding ruine from th'imperial hall
Of Heav'n's high-seated Palace, and invite
A dreadful vengeance, to eclipse the light
Of a resplendent happiness ; and double
The lab'ring Soul with interposing trouble :
Ah, then our pleasures shall be turn'd to toys,
And sudden grief shall expiate our joys !
And like Jerusalem, confus'd shall we
Wander and languish in obscurity :
Then, then, our down-cast spirits shall lament,
And moan their just deserved punishment :
Then shall our Peace be drawn unto an end,
Then shall we look for, but shall find no friend :
Then shall our sad Embassadors prepare,
And mount to Heav'n, but find no audience there.
Then shall our blubber'd eyes in vain let slide
Innumerable tears, then shall the Tide
Of Heav'n's high-flowing anger rage and roar,
And dash against our sin-polluted shore :
Then shall we run, and in our running meet
Th'obvious sword in the blood-streaming streets :

Then

*Then shall our hasty trembling feet retire
To our sad houses, there shall Death require
Th' arrears of sorrow: Lingring Famine shall
Like to a lean-cheek'd Fury grasp us all:
And from our strouting veins shall squeeze a flood,
A luke warm deluge of diffused blood.
Then shall our children with their midnight cries
Lament for food; Then shall their mothers eyes
Bedew their bosoms with the falling showers
Of dribbling tears: Then shall their loathed hours
Haste to an end; And having thus exprest
Their woes, shall creep into Eternal rest.
Then shall the early melancholy Bells
Sound mournful peals for their sad last farewels,
Ah now my Soul! Can any grief out-vie
Such griefs as these? Can any heart deny
The justness of these Judgments? If they do.
May they feel Sodoms and Gomorrahs too.
Heav'n cannot be unjust; No, no, 'tis we
Provoking sinners are unjust, not he.
Shall we offend, and shall we every day
Hale down his judgments on our backs, then lay*

e burden of our faults on him, and cry,
 ke Traytor Judas, Master is it I?
 , no, we must not ; but let every one
 bosom all his actions, and make known
 s misdemeanors ; then if any can
 ad himself guiltless, he's a happy man.
 cries out but ten good men, and for their sake
 eyes heav'n will deduct a thousand plagues, and shake
 en thousand more from his incensed brest,
 and for their sakes will give ten thousand rest.
 dom can witness Heav'n brooks no denial,
 e had sav'd all, had ten been found but loyal.
 Ob Blind and foolish is that City, when
 Ten thousand doubled cannot number ten,

C H A P. III.

Contents,

1. *The faithful bewail their calamities :* 2. *the mercies of God, they nourish their hope*
 37. *They acknowledge God's justice.* 55. *They*
pray for deliverance, 64. *And vengeance on the*
enemies.

- 1 **T**his I have seen affliction by the rod,
 Th'imperious anger of the wrathful God,
 2 He with a pitchy darkness mask'd my sight,
 And hath not cloth'd me with the robes of light.
 3 He turn'd his hand against me all the day,
 4 He broke my bones, and made my flesh decay.
 5 His lab'ring fury hath built up a wall
 Against me, and surrounded me with gall.
 6 In dungeon places he me set, like those
 Which in their graves have had a long repose.

- and he hath made my toilsom *chains* to be 7
heavy; He *bedg'd me from my libertie.*
and when I shout and cry, he' will not hear, 8
that makes my *pray'r a stranger to his ear.*
He had inclosed me with *stones* that stay 9
my *hasty steps*, he hath incurv'd my *way.*
and as a *lurking Bear*, observes my *paces,* 10
as a *Lyon* in the *secret places.*
He turn'd me from my *ways*, disturb'd my *state,* 11
He *all'd me in pieces*, made me *desolate.*
He bent his *Bow*, and made my *trembling heart* 12
He aim'd-at *object* of his *fatal dart.*
He caus'd his *quivered guests* t'inforce my *veins,* 13
and take a *large possession* in my *reins.*
He was my *peoples laughing stock*, their *song* 14
has turned to my *mischief* all day long.
He fill'd me full of *bitterness* and *woe,* (too. 15
and made me *drunk* with *nauseous wormwood*
He brake my *teeth* with *gravel stones*, and he, 16
with *heaps of ashes* hath involved me.
He with'd my *Soul* from *Peace, prosperity* 17
quite relapsed from my *memory.*

- 18 I said my *strength*, my very *hope* is even
Wasted and perish'd from the *Lord of Heav'n*.
- 19 Ponder my *woes*, and my *afflictions* all,
Remember both the *honey* and the *gall*.
- 20 These things do still in my *remembrance* rest,
And *ab*, my *Soul* is humbled in my *breast* !
- 21 This I recal to my *swift-roving mind*,
Therefore I hope, and hoping, hope to find.
- 22 It is the *mercy* of the *Lord* we fail
So safe ; for his *compassions* never fail.
- 23 They're every morning new, thy *faithfulness*
Is great, and greater than I can express.
- 24 The *Lord's* my portion, faith my *Soul* ; and I
Will therefore hope unto *Eternity*.
- 25 And that *just Soul*, which daily shall attend
Upon the *Lord*, shall never want a *friend*.
- 26 'Tis good that man should hope and wait upon
Th' *Almighties* pleasure and *salvation*.
- 27 'Tis good for *man* to exercise the *truth*,
And bear the *yoke* of his offending *youth*.
- 28 He sits alone, and silently makes known,
He bears no other burden than his *own*.

- his humble *mouth* salutes the dusty *ground*, 29
if some hopes of *mercy* may be found.
e's fill'd with *shame*, he willingly invites 30
a second *stroke* the hand of him that *smites*,
or they that strive and really endeavor, 31
od will not leave, nor cast them off for ever.
e will have pity, though he sends a grief; 32
multitudes of mercy lies relief.
e doth not punish, nor augment the *smart*, 33
of sinners *children* with a willing *heart*.
his *feet* take no delight to crush to *death* 34
th'offending *pris'ners* of th'inferior *earth*.
to turn away *man's* right, (his heart abhors) 35
efore the face of their *superiors*.
nd! to subvert a *man* in his just cause, 36
he *Lord* approveth not, 'tis not his *Laws*, (say,
And who is he whose spend-thrift *tongue* dare 37
his thing shall come to pass, when *Heav'n* says
out of the mouth of him that's *God* indeed (nay? 38
There doth not *evil*, but known *good* proceed.
why doth a living *man* with grumbling thoughts 39
complain as one that's punish'd for his faults?

- 40 Let's search, let's try our *ways*, let's turn again
To *God*, and he will turn away our *pain*.
- 41 And let our hands b' extended with our *souls*
To Heav'n's *Star chamber*, where our *God* con
- 42 We have rebelliously transgressed, and *thou* (troul
Thou hast not pard'ned with a chearful *brow*.
- 43 Thine *anger* hath o'ershadowed us, thou hast
Slain without pity, we thy *anger* taste. (l
- 44 Th'ast veil'd thy self with *clouds*, which will no
Our *pray'rs* pass thorough to discharge *our debt*.
- 45 And as th' off-scouring thou, O *Lord*, hast made
Amongst those *facious people* that betray'd us.
- 46 Our greedy *enemies* have op'ned wide
Their *mouaths* against us, and our *pains* deride,
- 47 *Fear*, like a *sudre*, incloses us about,
And *desolation* will not keep *without*;
- 48 Mine *eyes* run down like hasty *floods* of *water*,
For the destruction of my *peoples Daughter*.
- 49 Mine *eyes* are full, and *tears* do stream upon
My *cheeks* without an *intermission* :
- 50 Till *Heav'n* look'd down on my *enriven'd face*,
And view'd my weeping from his *holy place*.

- Mine eyes affect my pining heart with pity, 51
Because of all the Daughters of my City.
And causless (like a frightened bird that flies) 52
I still am chased by my enemies.
They have destroy'd me in the *dungeon*, nay 53
They cast a stone upon me where I lay.
Th'imperious waves mounted above my head, 54
And then I cry'd, *Alas, Alas*, I'm dead.
I call'd upon thy name (O Lord ;) my voice 55
Out of the *dungeon* made a dreadful noise.
Th'ast heard my cries, Oh let thy ears not lie 56
Hid from the breathing of my doleful cry.
And in that day when I on thee did call, 57
Thou cam'st, and bid me never fear at all.
And when my soul (O Lord) was fill'd with strife, 58
Thou didst both plead my cause, and save my life.
And thou hast plainly seen my wrong'd estate; 59
Judge thou my cause, be thou my advocate.
For thou hast seen their vengeance, thou dost see 60
Their deep imaginations against me
Thou their reproach hast heard, and apprehended 61
What against me their busie thoughts intended.

- 62 *Thou* know'st the very lips of *them* that rose
Against *me*, and the malice of my foes.
- 63 Behold their *sitting* and their *rising*, I
Am all their *musick*, and their *melody*.
- 64 Render to *them* a recompence, O God,
And let them feel *thy handy-work*, *thy rod*.
- 65 Oh give *them* grief of heart; Oh let *them* burst
With dregs of sorrow, let them be accurst.
- 66 And let *thy* angry persecuting hand
Destroy, confound, and sweep them from the land.
-

Meditatio in Capitulum.

Come, come, my Soul, do not obnubilate
Thy self with smoaky pleasures, nor create
More vain delights to please thy toyish mind:
Be serious now; let pleasures be confin'd.
Th' Almighty's anger, and his angry Breath
Expresses nothing but resolved Death.

His wrath is kindled, and his furious hand
 Threatens a ruine to a sinful Land.
 His bow is bent ; behold he stands prepar'd
 'Tis he, 'tis he, that will not be out dar'd :
 And should his roving messenger impart
 A secret sorrow to thy private heart ;
 What then ? Can all the balsams may be found
 Recure so great, so terrible a wound ?
 No, no : On then let thy discerning eye
 Be truly watchful ; for discovery
 Oft-times prevents a mischief : he's a stranger
 To Heav'n's high Court, that thinks t'out-brave a
 Behold (my soul) thou art environ'd round (danger
 With troops of adversaries ; heark, they sound
 Their vilifying trumpets : heark, they mock,
 And make thy sorrows but their laughing flock.
 Dost thou not hear them, how they shout and cry,
 As though they'd cleave th'unseparable Sky ?
 Oh be not deaf ; rouse up thy self, advance
 Thy backward thoughts, sleep not in ignorance.
 Provoke not Heav'n too much : Oh do not still
 Urge more and more his most unwilling Will.

*Observe but how unpleasantly his arm
Draws up his bow, as one that's loath to harm.
Methinks I hear him say, Ob can ye tell!
Why will ye dye, ye house of Israel?
Methinks I hear his never-ending breath
Breathe a disdain against a sinners death.
Methinks I hear his grieved spirit say,
Ye that are weary, come, oh come away,
And lay your burthens on my back, and I
Will bear them all; I'll bear them willingly;
Why will ye dye; why will you shut your eyes.
And thus run headlong after vanities?
Open your Adder ears, come and rejoyce
With me and mine; let my harmonious voice
Invite you: Ah, what pleasures can accrew
From shadows, to such substances as you?
Cast off the works of darkness, let true light
Expel those mists: Ob come when I invite.
What do ye mean? Ob tell me, tell me why
Ye love to tumble in impurity?
Ah now my Soul! let admiration prove
That Heav'n's compos'd of nothing but of Love;*

Oh love beyond expression ! My deserts
Rather than Mercy (claim a thousand darts.
Call home thy wandring thoughts, and let them all
(Like servants) be obedient to thy Call,
Examine them ; the very best will show,
Thy best deserts are but an overthrow.
Review thy actions ; see if they can yield
One grain of comfort : see if they can shield
Thy threasured state : The more men strive to smother
Their sins, the more one sin begets another.
Then fly, dull soul, to Heav'n's high Court, and there
Melt, melt, into an everlasting tear.
Atone thy God, let not thy tongue deny
The truth to him, when he shall ask thee, why,
Why hast thou done this wickedness ! Confess,
'Tis thou hast sinn'd, 'tis he that must depress,
That head-increasing Hydra : Then shalt thou
Behold with what a voluntary brow
He'll entertain thee, and those joys impart
To thee, which wait upon a contrite heart.
He will have pity, though he sends a grief:
A multitudes of mercy lies relief.

*The God of Love did never take delight
To mantle sinners with the clouds of night.
He's an indulgent Father, and his care
Is infinite, as all his mercies are.* (run

Compose thy numerous thoughts, my Soul, and
Oh tell that Father, thou wilt be his Son.

CHAP. IV.

Contents.

1. *Sion bewaileth her pitiful estate: 13. She confesseth her sins. 21. Edom is threatned. 22. Sion is comforted.*

1 **H**OW is the gold grown dim! how is the finest
The purest changed, that was wont to shine
The stones that pav'd the Sanctuary are thrown
Into the streets, for beasts to trample on,
2 The Sons of Sion, which I could compare
To finest gold, behold, see now they are

Esteem'd

Esteem'd as *earthen pitchers*, which the hands
Of the industrious *Potter* still commands.
The ill-shap'd *monsters*, which the *Ocean* owns 3
As *proper guests*, nourish their little ones :
But ah, my *Daughters* are grown pitiless,
Like *Ostriches* in the Wilderness.
The wordless tongues of thirsty *children* cleave 4
To their unliquid mouths ; they never leave
Their integrating, cries : *Poor hearts*, in vain
They cry for *food*, but can no *food* obtain :
And they that fed upon delicious sweets, 5
Are desolate in the unquiet streets.
They that were brought up in a scarlet dress,
Embrace a *dungbil* as their happiness.
For ah, my people's *Daughter* suffers more 6
For her great sins, than *Sodom* did before.
Her beautified *Nazarites* could show 7
A purer white than *milk*, whiter than snow :
Their *bodies* than the *rubies* were more red,
With shining *Saphire* were they polished.
But now their changed visages excel 8
The *coal* in blackness ; they that knew them well,

Now know them not: their flesh adheres and sticks
Unto their bones; they are like with' red sticks.

9 Those that are ravish'd of their fading breath
By the *encountering sword*, enjoy a death
Transcending theirs, whose lingering souls are pin'd
For want of *food*: *Ah, famine's never kind!*

10 The woful *women* boyl their young; they have
Turn'd their own fruitful *bellies* to a *grave*.

11 The Lord hath now accomplished his *ire*,
Pour'd out his streaming *anger*, caus'd a fire
To flame in *Sion*, which devour'd and laid (made,
Those buildings waste, which their own hands had

12 The wisest *Kings*, nor the world's copious nations
Did ever think to see these great invasions
Of th' unbridled *foe*, whose headlong courses
Divides her gates with their divided forces.

13 The *Priests* & *Prophets* crimeless blood have shed,
Their sins drew down this mischief on their head.

14 Like those they wander, whose benighted eyes
Attract no light from the all lightning skies:

They have themselves polluted, so that none (*flown*,
Can touch their cloaths; *they are with blood o'er-*

The *people* cried, depart, what do ye mean? 15
Depart, depart; touch not, it is unclean:
The *Heathen*, as they fled together, cri'd,
With us they will not sojourn, nor abide.
God's anger hath divided them; he never 16
Will love them more, but cast *them* off for ever:
They disrespected *Priests*, and they forgot
The *gravest Elders*, whom they pitied not.
But as for *us*, our help beguiled eyes 17
Fail'd us as yet, no comfort would arise
To us; we watch'd for *Nations*, but their pow'r
Could not protect us from so great a shower.
They hunt our steps, our oft extended feet 18
Cannot divide their paces in the street:
Our end is near, and our day's total sum
Is now fulfill'd, for now our *end* is come.
Our *persecutors*, our tormentors are 19
Swifter than *Eagles* that enforce the air:
Upon the mountains they pursu'd us; *They*,
To trap our feet, in *ambuscado* lay,
Those *pits*, which they for ruin have appointed, 20
Enclos'd our *soul's* delight, the Lord's *Anointed*;
Under

Under whose shadow we shall live, we said,
Amongst the *Heathens* ; thus are we dismay'd,

21 Oh *Edom's daughter*, now stretch out thy voice
Be glad ; and for a time in *Uz* rejoyce :

This cup shall pass along to thee, thou shalt
Be drunk and naked, cause thou didst revolt.

22 Thy plagues expire, Oh *Sion's daughter* ! he
No more will lead thee to captivity :

But *Edom*, oh lament, lift up thine eyes,
For *Heav'n* will visit thy iniquities.

Meditatio in Capitulum.

Distracted Sion, having spent her days
In supine negligence, stands in amaze,
Not knowing what to do : her wonted joys
Yield torment, not contentment, seeming toys,
And childish trifles, which perplex her more,
Than thousand pleasures pleasur'd her before.

And now her alienated mind begins
To ruminate upon her former sins :
Her studious thoughts recount what precious time
She spent in folly, weighing every crime
In equal ballance, poysing them aright,
Finds them too heavy, and her self too light.
And like a frighted bird her winged mind
Flies up and down, thinking some rest to find
In sorrows wilderness : But ah, who can
Find a lost Jewel in the Ocean !
Now we may see how embraced folly
Is quite dissolved into melancholy.
And those lascivious hours, which she hath spent,
Seem like grim Marshals giving punishment
To an offending wretch : As is a dream,
The fancy makes each object seem extream ;
And why ? because the judgment which should guide
The unruly fancy, sleeping's laid aside :
The senses once lock'd up, the fancy may
Not only claim a priviledge to play,
But to delude, and represent those things
To meanest Subjects, which belong to Kings ;
Which

76 *Jeremiah's Lamentations.*

*Which makes the flatter'd Senses even dance,
And leap for joy ; and striving to advance
Themselves, awake ; and finding all but vain,
Reason steps in, and makes them poor again.*

*Even thus was poor Jerus'lem lul'd asleep
With fancy pleasing pleasure, which did keep
A Rendezvouz within her, lest that doubt
Should interpose, and put the fancy out
Of frame , and by a more diviner art,
Should breed a Meditation in her heart.*

*For when the wak'ned Senses once have gain'd
The upper hand, the fancy is restrain'd,
And curb'd by judgment ; Reason too survives
Again, and claims her own Prerogatives :
The Apprehension, with her new got pow'r,
Begins to taste and apprehend how sour
Her sweets are grown : Ah, then she cries ! I see
I'm turn'd to nothing, being turn'd from thee,
My great Redeemer ; I have quite exil'd
Thy mercies from my bosom, and revil'd
Thy just Commands ; presuming oftentimes
To urge, with my reiterated crimes*

Thy long-continued patience ; and exprest
 No grief at all from my obdurate breast.
 My eyes were still laborious to discover
 New vanities : and like a heedless Lover.
 Whose beauty-dazeld eyes do only view
 The Superficies ; seeking not how true
 The heart remaineth, but can fondly be
 Content with Beauty's bare Epitomie.
 And thus my rash advent'ring Soul went on,
 Pleasures admit no intermission
 To them, whose hearts are envious to obtain
 A present pleasure, but a future pain :)
 And ah, how quickly's yielding flesh and blood
 Surpriz'd and conquer'd by a seeming good !
 A Good that's good for nothing but t'invite
 Fond souls to ruin, and o'er-veil the light
 Of real truth ; and with enforc'd delusions
 Makes them take pleasure in their own confusions.
 Since then, my Soul, no pleasures can be found
 In this base Centre, let thy thoughts rebound
 From this fastidious Orb ; learn to advance
 Thy self above the frowns, the reach of Chance :

And

*And let th' extent of thy ambition be
Only to purchase an Eternity
Of happiness, which shall perpetuate,
And make thee glorious in a glorious state.
Divorce thyself from thy unsun'd-up faults
Protraçt no time, but clarify thy thoughts.
Command thyself, and thou shalt be reputed
A most deserving Victor : not confuted
By any, though their noble aëts may claim
A truer inheritance to a lasting Fame.*

*For he that gives himself an overthrow;
Conquers a Kingdom, and subdues a foe.
Then arm thyself, my Soul, and strive t'out dare
Satan's attempts ; be studious to prepare
Thyself, and let thy adversary see
When he is strongest, th' art as strong as he.
Let not his vain delusions interpose
Twixt thee and Heav'n : Oh do not expose
Thyself to wilful danger, but endeavor
T'accest his actions, but believe him never.
Thou seest how poor Jerusalem bewails
Her sad disasters ; how she stoops and fails*

Beneath the burden of her grief, and crie;
 O boundless grief! O vainest vanities!
 O dream thou not of transitory things,
 Which are unconstant, having secret wings
 To fly away; and flying will confound
 Thy better part, and give thy Soul a wound.
 Beware then, and let thy thoughts concur
 With Heaven's commands, and so will be transfer,
 His Kingdom to thee, full of lasting treasure,
 Where nothing's greater than the smallest plea-
 (sure.

 CHAP. V.

R Emember, Lord, what's come upon us; see, 1
 Ponder the greatness of our *infamy*.
 Strangers inherit that which is our due, 2
 Our *habitation's* turn'd to *aliens* too.
 For we are *Orphanes*, and all fatherless, 3
 Our *Mothers* are as *Widows* in distress.

We

- 4 We buy our *water*, (O unhappy fate!)
And purchase *fuel* at too dear a rate.
- 5 Our *necks* are persecuted and unblest,
And still we labor, but obtain no rest.
- 6 Unto the *Egyptians* we our hand have spread,
Desiring to be satisfied with *bread*.
- 7 Our buried *fathers* sinn'd in former times,
And we have born the burthen of their *crimes*.
- 8 Servants have rul'd us, and there's none that will
Deliver us, but let them rule us still.
- 9 With peril of our *lives*, we have obtain'd
Our bread, because the *sword* was unrestrain'd.
- 10 Our skins are black, like to an *oven*, and dry,
Because the *Famine* caus'd a *Tyranny*.
- 11 *Sion* and *Judab's daughters* have been led
Away, and violently *ravished*.
- 12 *Princes* are hang'd up by the hands; the faces
Of *Elders* have no honour but disgraces.
- 13 They made the *young men* grinde; the *children*
Fainted beneath the burthen of their *wood*.
- 14 The *Elders* at their gates did not abide,
The *young mens* musick too is laid aside.

The joy is ceas'd which was our hearts relief, 15
 Our *active dancing's* turn'd to *passive grief*.
 The *crown* is fallen from our *heads*; and wo, 16
 Wo be to us that have offended so.
 Our hearts are faint, and our suffused eyes. 17
 Are dim, because of these calamities.
 Because that *Sion's* mountain's desolate, 18
 The *foxes* walk thereon to recreate
 Themselves : But thou, O *Lord*, shalt sit on high, 19
 Upon thy throne, unto *Eternity*.
 Wherefore dost thou forsake *us*, and demure 20
 Thy self so long from *us*, that seem secure;
 Turn thou, and we are turn'd; Lord we implore, 21
 Renew our days, as thou hast done before.
 But thou hast rejected us, and thou 22
 Beholdst thy servants with an angry brow.

G

Me-

Meditatio in Capitulum.

Complaining, what is that? will that relieve
 Impris'ned souls, or teach them how to grieve?
 Tell me, sad soul, can greater wants converse
 With flesh and blood? nay what more lasting curse
 Can be entail'd on man, than to complain
 To such an ear as will not once retain
 The least expression of a grief, but cry,
 Let wo attend him to Eternity?
 Ob dismal sentence! and if this be all,
 'Twould grieve a man, that e'er he griev'd at all,
 To be thus harshly answer'd, and excluded
 From hopes of mercy; Be not thus deluded
 Despairing Soul.

Jerusalem, 'tis true, she did complain;
 And was that all? Ob no, her tongue did chain

A prayer to her petition, and her eyes
 Were daily trickling for her miseries.
 Where is that man, that if he chance to be
 Deprived of his goods by robberie,
 Will sit complaining by himself, and try
 No lawful means for a recovery:
 Of what he lost? should we not deem him mad
 To lose that good, which might be easily had,
 If sought? This Proverb calls it to my mind,
 He that will spare to speak, will spare to find.
 Even so, if Satan, whose depriving pow'r
 Shall take a watch'd advantage, and devour
 The Manna of our Souls, shall we then say,
 'Tis gone, 'Tis gone, Satan has stoln't away?
 And ah, can these, these naked words recal
 A lost estate? Oh no, 'twill but int'ral
 Our happiness the more; and make our grief
 The more extreme, admitting no relief.
 My Soul, if Satan e'er shall make attempt
 Upon my weakness, lab'ring to exempt
 And win thee from thyself; go and make known
 Thy cause to Heaven's Judge-Advocate: be mourn

*Thyself with tears ; complain, confess and pray :
God loves confession, but abhors delay.*

*Run, run unto him, that thou mayst prevent
The wrath and censure of his Parliament.*

*Go, go, for there thou shalt be sure to find
Abundance link'd together in one mind.*

*There is no faction, no divisions there,
But all are sett'd in one hemisphere*

*Of true opinion : There is none t'expect
A bribe ; or else without a bribe neglect
To agitate thy business, or exact*

*Upon thy guiltless conscience, or enact
Their several humors : There is none to bring*

*Thy Soul in danger, 'cause th'ast lov'd thy King,
Thy heav'nly King, by whom thou shalt possess
A true and no excised happiness.*

*Oh endless joy ! a joy that far transcends
The deepest thoughts ; a joy that never ends.*

Be ravish'd, Oh my Soul ! and meditate

Upon Jerusalem : Let her sad state

Be as a caveat to thee ; let her fall

Teach thee to stand : let her detested gall

Jeremiah's Lamentations.

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*Prove honey to thee; so mayst thou derive
Thy welfare from her sorrows, and survive
In everlasting bliss: Peace beyond measure
Shall crown thee with vicissitude of Pleasure.*

*Play well thy game, and so will Heav'n extend
His liberal Grace, and bless thee in the End,*

G 3 DIVINE

DIVINE MEDITATIONS

Meditation we may fitly call
 The *Souls arithmetician*, summing all
 Our *sins* together; Nay, and every day
 Cyphers them up, and teaches us to pray:
 Then let us meditate, and strive to do
 What our *Arithmetician* leads us to.

He that will true examples learn to give,
 First let him learn to dye, and then to live;
 Prefer the surest first; for you and I
 Uncertain are to live, but sure to dye.

Meditation I.

PElion is fallen upon *Offa's* back,
 The more I cry for *help*, the more I lack.
 There

Divine Meditations.

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There's none will look upon me, how I lie
In the *Charibdis* of perplexity.

Escaping *Scilla*, Oh I thought I'd been
Past danger, but *Charibdis* was not seen,

Meditation 2.

I'm now benighted, and obscur'd from light,
My day of pleasure's turn'd into a night
Of clouded sorrow; grief comes sailing on,
Steer'd by the hand of my *Rebellion*.

Heav'n stop his passage, may he never rest
Within the harbour of my tender breast.

Meditation 3.

What have I done? or what have I deserv'd,
That I am thus imprison'd, and reserv'd

For death and sad destruction? Nay, but why,

What do I ask, what I have done? To dye,

To dye, 'tis too too little, could a worse,

A worse succeed, I have deserv'd the curse,

Meditation 4.

I have displeased *Heav'n*, where thal I fly
 To hide my self from his offended eye?
 If *rocks* or *caves* could hide me from my sin,
 There, there I'd go, and hide my self within
 The bowels of the *earth*, till *Heav'n* should say,
The night of sin is gone, and now 'tis day.

Meditation 5.

What If I storm'd *heav'n's Paradise* with prayers,
 And so besieg'd it with an host of tears?
 What if I undermin'd and laid a train
 To blow it up with sighs? 'Twere but in vain:
 To storm, besiege, all is but labour spent,
 Except I could, as *David* did, Repent,

Meditation 6.

Repent: Oh what a sound that word imports!
 Oh how it penetrates! How many sorts

Of *Eccboes* answer it ; Repent of all :
 He that leaves one, repents of none at all :
 He that will learn how to repent, and when ;
 First let him strive to be a David, then.

Meditation 7.

And art thou still disquieted, my Soul ?
 Trust thou in God ; in God, that doth controul
 Both heav'n and earth : 'tis he that must and shall
 Be fear'd and honor'd, yea and lov'd withal.
 'Tis he can send Job's torments, and his wo ;
 'Tis we must pray to have his patience too.

Meditation 8.

Fain would I come before my angry God,
 But that my sinful years, still fear the Rod
 Of his Correction, yet appear I must ;
 Sure, sure he's merciful, as wel as just :
 Cheer up dejected Soul, and thou shalt see
 His mercy's greater, than thy sins can be.

Meditations 9.

Can Heav'n forget himself, or can he say
 That thing o'er night, he cannot do next day;
 Can friends forget their children, or deny
 Their dearest blood? or can a mountain fly?
 Heav'n says, he'll be a Father till the end:
 Then he's a fool that doubts so true a friend.

Meditation 10.

A friend indeed, but how can I expect
 To purchase friendship, by my own neglect?
 For ah, how often hath Heav'n pleas'd to say,
 Ye that are heavy loaden, come away,
 And I will give you ease: Alas! but I
 Thought sin no burthen, neither thought to dye.

Meditation 11.

But now I see the frailty of my mind;
 I thought I was imprison'd, when confin'd,
 Only one hour to goodness; nay, that hour
 I thought a year, until I had the power

Divine Meditations.

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To free my self ; when freed, I had forget
What goodness was, as though I'd heard it not.

Meditation 12.

And should I strive to reckon up my *sins*,
How can he make an *end*, that still *begins* ?
The sands upon the *Seas*, nay, and the hair
Upon my *head*, are *Cyphers* in compare
Of my *excessive sins*, yet *Heav'n* can call
Me, as he did the spend-thrift *Prodigal*.

Meditation 13.

I know my *sins* are great, and do increase
Within my *Sion*, and disturb my *Peace* :
Oh what am I (*dear Heav'n*) I am thy *creature*,
My *sins* are great, but yet thy *mercy's* greater.
Pardon (*blest Heav'n*), forgive what I have done ;
Thou art my *Father*, own me as thy *Son*.

Meditation

Meditation 14.

It is a happiness to scorn the *mirth*
 Of this confused transitory *earth* :
 And *he* who is ambitious to create
 A happiness, must make the *world* his *bate* :
 Then if self-love appear, we know for what ;
We love our selves, in truly bating that.

Meditation 15.

Life is the *life's* preparative, and *Death*
 The deprivation of unconstant *breath*.
 A well directed *life* shall always find
 Society in *Death* ; a glorious mind,
 Shall have a glorious, a celestial friend
To guard his glory to a glorious end.

Meditation 16.

But can a mind, enammell'd with the glory
 Of *Heav'n*, have *end* ; or else is *Death* a story ?
Death is the end of *Life*, and yet we see
Life is deriv'd from *Death's* soveraigntie.

is quickly known, the *Death* of *Sin* must give
The pard'ned Soul a priviledge to live.

Meditation 17.

Heav'n is the seat of happiness, and Hell
The place of fury, where the Furies dwell.
Then mount my Soul upon the spreading wings
Of lofty Faith; fly towards the King of Kings:
Whilst here thou shalt inhabit, learn to know,
That Heaven's too high for them that fly too low.

Meditation 18.

I am but sordid earth, that's daily plough'd
With grief and care; and sorrows hourly croud
Into my weak dominions, and remain
Like greedy Tenants, thirsting after gain.
My eyes are always open to behold
New woes, for I am form'd in sorrows mould.

Meditations 19.

I am a reeling Pinnacle, and I sail
From Port to Port; sometimes a humble gale

Salutes

Salutes my *spreading sails*, and by and by
 The *waves* condemning my prosperity,
 Spit in my face, being hurried by their tydes,
 They seem to *crank into my sweating sides*.

Meditation 20.

I am a clouded *day*, I promise rain :
 Sometimes I'm stormy, and then clear again ;
 Sometimes the *Sun of Peace* begins t'appear,
 But cannot shine in sorrows *Hemisphere* :
 Saddest of thoughts ; needs must he be distressed
 That finds *unconstant weather in his breast*.

Meditation 21.

I am a *vapour*, having not the power
 T'indure the fervour of one shining *hour* :
 Vapors cannot withstand a *mid-days heat* ;
 Afflictions must be hot, where *fires* are great :
 'Tis not unlike, a misty morning may
 Oft times prove usher to a glorious day.

Meditation 22.

I am a trembling reed, and every day
The wind and I, are subject to a fray :
I'm bruis'd, and shall be broken, if some hand
Sustain me not, I shall forget to stand :
But stay my Soul, and hear Jehova speak,
I vow, the bruised reed I will not break,

Meditation 23.

I am but earth, corrupted with my deeds,
Which are but like unprofitable weeds ;
My soil is rank, and barren, and it bears
No grain at all, no, not so much as tears :
Would'it thou increase (my Soul) I'll teach thee
Sow but the seeds of Faith, God speeds the plow,

Meditation 24.

Despair not, when affliction ploughs the ground,
Doubt not *increases*, if the seed be found :
Heav'n loves a fruitful harvest, and his hand
Is always *alive* to manure the Land ;

He takes the chiefeſt care, the greateſt pains,
He crowns the work, 'tis we that reap the gain.

Meditation 25.

Man's like a *houſe*, whoſe outward beauty may
Yield pleaſure to the eye; If we ſurvey
The inward *rooms*, there we may find enough
Of untrim'd *natures* fluttish *houſhold* ſtuff.

Would'ſt thou be fair within (O man) and new
Turn but thy *inſide* out, thou'lt be compleat.

Meditation 26.

Do greedy *Ravens* hunger? do they cry
For *food*? and are they *fed*? and muſt not I?
I beg, I *crave*, and yet am hungry ſtill;
I pine, I *ſtarve*, and *Ravens* have their fill.
I know (*great God*) I have offended thee,
Because thou feed'ſt the *Ravens*, and not me.

Meditation 27.

Do *Lillies* flourish? do they ſtill remain
Neatly adorn'd? And yet they take no pain;

They neither spin nor card, they take no care,
And yet they're cloth'd, and I, poor I, go bare.
I know (great God) I have offended thee,
Because thou cloth'st the Lillies, and not me.

Meditation 28.

Why am I thus tormented with the rod
Of my afflictions? Hath my angry God
Forgot his creature? Shall I never have
A little ease, but be affliction's slave?
Forbear, my grumbling Soul, cheer up, and be
Mindful of him, and he'll remember thee.

Meditation 29.

And why does Heav'n afflict me, but because
He'll make me know my self, and learn his Laws,
Then why am I disquieted? If he
Intends my good, shall I prove enemy
Unto my self, my Soul, take care, be still
Unless he turns that good into an ill.

Meditation 30.

Then learn, *my soul*, when *Heav'n* afflicts, to know
 'Tis for my *sins* he does it, and to show
 The greatest of his *mercy*; and to make
 Thee love *affliction* for the *Afflictors* sake.
 Be *wise* and *provident*, and thou shalt see,
 'Tis good for David, 'twill be good for thee.

Meditation 31.

If thou wilt learn, *my Soul*, how to endure,
 With patience, thy *afflictions*, be thou sure,
 That when the hand of angry *Heav'n* shall smite,
 Thou dost not grumble like the *Israelite*. (how
 'Strive thou for patience, heav'n will teach thee
 To bear affliction with a cheerful brow.

Meditation 32.

What though the *waves* of thy *afflictions* rise,
 And rage abundantly; lift up thy eyes,
 And cry to *Heav'n*, let patience calm thy mind,
 And know that purest *gold* must be refin'd,

And when *affliction* brings thee to the brink
Of death, remember Peter did not sink.

Meditation 33.

When I consider, how I have offended
My Souls dread *Soveraign*, and *vili-pended*
His gracious promises, I much admire
He casts me not into eternal fire:
But he in *mercy* makes me kiss his Rod,
Tells me, I am a *Creature*, he a *God*.

Meditation 34.

Consider well, my *Soul*, why hast thou breath,
Since that the wages of thy *Sins* are death?
Thou hast deserv'd ten thousand times to dye;
But that thy *GOD*, whose Mercy doth deny
A *Sinners death*, reprieves thee for a time,
To make thee know the greatness of thy crime.

Meditation 35.

Oh meditate my *Soul*, what *Heav'n* hath done
For thee, that art his most rebellious Son;

He hath prolong'd thy days, and striv'd to win
 And draw thee from the loathsomeness of sin :
 Admired patience ! Oh indulgent care !

Mercy of Mercies ! how can Heav'n forbear !

Meditation 36.

Have I offended ? and shall I despair ?
 Oh no I dare not : Ah my *Soul*, forbear
 To harbour such a wickedness ; but know,
 When thy *sins* ebbs, Gods *mercies* overflow :
 His mercy is an *Ocean*, and thy prayer
Is th'only wind can raise a tempest there.

Meditation 37.

Then pray my *Soul*, and let thy prayers reveal
 Thy bosom *sins* ; Oh think not to conceal
 A crime from him, that is the God of Truth,
 And knows the *sins* of thy offending youth. (ther
 Ah know my *Soul*, the more thou striv'st to smo-
Thy sins, the more one sin begets another.

Medi-

Meditation 38.

Can *Sin*, the Souls consuming *Viper* lie,
And lurk secure, from *Heaven's* all-seeing eye ?
Oh no, 'tis vain to think so ; though that we
Are muffled up with *sin*, yet *Heav'n* can see.
Oh then confess my *Soul*, and thou shalt tread,
And trample on the *Vipers* poy's'ny head.

Meditation 39.

But can *Confession* in it self obtain
An absolute forgiveness ? Can we gain
Heav'n by a sigh ? Oh no, my *Soul* express
A perfect sorrow, when thou dost confess,
Then let resolved *Constancy* endure,
And thou, my *Soul*, shalt truly rest secure,

Meditation 40.

Dost thou, my *Soul*, desire to be partaker
Of those celestial joys, wherewith thy *Maker*
Crowns those endeavouring souls, which study still
To be obedient to his sacred will ?

Examine well the *Scriptures*, they will show
The ready way; then practice how to go.

Meditation 41.

Let thy *innocuous Meditations* be
Serious and fervent, let integrity
Still wait upon them, which will still defend
And guard thy actions to a prosperous end.
Then shall thy labors have a peaceful rest;
Then daily labor to be daily blest.

Meditation 42.

But have a care (my Soul) lest malice chance
To interpose it self, and so advance
Above thy patience, and disturb that peace
Which might have blest thee with a large increase.
Oh have a care this be no fault of thine!
Remember who hath said, vengeance is mine.

Meditation 43.

Dost thou desire, my Soul, that Heav'n should say
Thy pardon's seal'd, and I will blot away

Thy numerous *sins* ; nay, and I will no more
Remember them, as I have done before ? (live,
Then learn, my *Soul*, to know, whilst thou dost
He that will be forgiven, must forgive,

Meditation 44.

If thou wouldst go to *Heav'n*, my *Soul* go on,
(Not as the *slugard* of wise *Salomon*)
Be not so timorous as *be*, to say,
There is a *Lyon* lurking in the way :
Go on with *courage*, let the way delight thee,
Then shall the Lyon grumble, and not bite thee.

Meditation 45.

The *wise man* saith, That *slugards* shall be cloth'd
With rags, and all his *actions* shall be loath'd ;
And he that's willing to obtain a *prize*,
Must be laborious, and have *watchful eyes*; (strain
(My drowzy *Soul*) make *Heav'n* thy *prize*, then
T'out-run thy sins, and so thou shalt obtain.

Meditation 46.

When on the ladder *Jacob* did discern
 The *Angels* in his dream, he saw them fly
Upwards and *downwards*, which was to express
 How much they scorn'd, and hated *Idleness*:
 Then learn, my *Soul*, how to ascend apace
From sin, to the perfection of grace.

Meditation 47.

What was the reason *Peter* wept? Nay, why
 Did he go out and weep so bitterly?
 Could he not weep within? Did he not dare
 Before the wicked, to disburse a tear?
 By this Example, *Peter* makes it known
Who truly grieves, desires to grieve alone.

Meditation 48.

Hast thou my *Soul*, with persecuting *Paul*,
 Envy'd the *Church*? Hast thou conspir'd her fall?
 Why then, my *Soul*, wilt thou despair? 'Tis true.
 The crime is great, and *GOD* is gracious too.

*A light may shine from Heav'n, and thou shalt be
With Paul converted from thy tyrannie.*

Meditation 49.

Hast thou with thrice-denying Peter, cry'd,
I know him not, but stubbornly deny'd (crow,
The Lord of Life? what then? the Cock may
God may look back upon thee, and bestow
His liberal blessings: Then my Soul deny
Thy sins with Peter, and weep bitterly.

Meditation 50.

But was it not, my Soul, a sad disaster,
That Peter should so soon deny his Master;
For whose dear sake he'd lose his life? Oh what
A sudden change is this! I know him not.
Nay more, as if he thought this would not do,
He binds it with an oath, forswears him too.

Meditation 51.

What was the reason that the Lyons, when
They entertained Daniel in their Den,

Did

Did rather fear, than hunger? Nay, how can
Destroying Lyons fawn upon a man?

My Soul, there was a *Lamb* that tam'd the *Lyon*,
And made the Den prove Daniels safest Sion,

(WOT) Meditation 52.

Advise, my Soul, , and how could *Daniel* live,
Impris'ned in the *Den*, and none to give
Him daily food? How could he rest at quiet,
Without the enjoyment of some slender diet?
When *Heav'n* commands his Angels, they shall feed
A Soul; (my Soul) that Soul can never need.

Meditation 53,

'Twas *Faith* that gnarded *Daniel* from the paws
Of dauntless *Lyons*, whose imperious jaws
Were ty'd by *Heav'n's* appointment, so that they
Forgot their *Tyranny*, and learn'd to play.
(My Soul) with *Daniel*, truly think upon
Thy God, and *Faith* shall be thy Champion.

Meditation 54.

Did great *Goliab* fall? Could he not stand.
That was so strong, against so weak a hand?
Could not his *armor*, nor his *storming power*
Maintain so mean a *Combat* half an hour?
Here, here (my Soul) observe, and thou shalt find
An armed body, but a naked mind.

Meditation 55.

But how did stripling *David* dare to show
His *childish* face before so great a foe?
He had no *Armor* on, nor *sword* to shield
His *body*, yet he *fought*, and won the field.
Here, here (my Soul) observe, and thou shalt find
A naked body, but an armed mind.

Meditation 56.

Be sure (my Soul) when e'er thou shalt begin
To war with the *Goliab* of thy sin,
Take *David's armor*, and thou shalt o'erthrow
Thy sin with a most *advantageous blow*.

Boast

Boast not too much, but with bold courage fight
Thy pebble stones of Faith fly alway right.

Meditation 57.

Faith is the arm of *safety*, which defends
 The *Soul* from all *approaching harm*, and lends
 A *sword* to fight with *Satan*, who may venter
 To make a thrust or two, but cannot enter.
 Gain thou this arm of *Faith* (my *Soul*) and then
Thou mayst out-dare a Lyon in his Den.

Meditation 58.

Learn how to prize thy *Faith* (my *Soul*) and know
 She is the only *safety* here below :
 She is a trusty buckler to protect thee
 From showers of evil, and to good direct thee.
 Then rouse, my *Soul*, and be not quite cast down,
Repentance brings in Faith, and Faith a Crown,

Meditation 59.

A *Crown*, that's only fitting to adorn
 A *Princes brow* ; and *Subjects* that are born

to an inferior Fortune, must content,
themselves with that, which fortune freely lent.
O ah my Soul! be wise and understand,
A heavenly Crown's not made by humane band.

Meditation 60.

A glorious *Crown* of glory shall attend
attentive hearts; my *Soul*, I recommend
this *Crown* to thee: consider but the price
cost, and then remember *Paradise*.
Remember whose dear blood did trickle down,
Like tedious showers, to purchase thee this Crown.

Meditation 61.

boundless *Love*! would such a *Lamb* as he
ye for such wolf-like *sycophants* as we?
his willing *Soul* did even joy t'express
his introduction to our happiness.
his blood gush'd out to wash us clean within:
He shed it for our sins, and yet we sin.

Medita.

Meditation 62.

Rouze up my *Soul*, and let thy *Eagle-eyes*
 Behold that *Sun* in whom thy *safety* lies :
 Look well upon *him*, and thou shalt discover
 A *Lamb-like* *Patience*, and a *constant* *Lover*.
 Admire with how much *Dove-like* innocence
 He suffer'd death for us that gave th' offence.

Meditation 63.

Art thou not ravish'd yet, my *Soul*, then hear,
 And I will recommend unto thy ear
 The willing passion of that *Lamb*, which cry'd
Eloi, Eloi, Eloi, and so dy'd.
 And by the virtue of his dying deed,
 Our blood was stop'd, when he began to bleed.

Meditation 64.

Man, the unhappy off-spring of that *man*
 Of *Sin*, at whose beginning we began
 To fall from our first principles, and stray
 From good to bad, digressing from the way

Of our assur'd *Salvation*, and exchange
A world of *pleasure* for a world of *pains*;
And by that Heav'n forbidden *taste* revert
The stroke of *mercy*, made us all accurst,
And hourly subject to his *wrath*, whose *power*
Created us, and made us little lower
Than Heav'n-bred *Angels*; till the sad *inventions*
Of *Satan's* malice quickned the *intentions*
Of greedy *Eve*, whose hand soon recommended
That *fruit*, which by the *Serpent* was extended,
To her beguiled *husband*, whose neglect
Of Heav'n's Commands purchas'd a dull aspect
From his revengeful *brow*, which shin'd more
Than glorious *Cynthia* in her greatest light. (bright
But ah, the cloud of *Adam's* sin had made
A great *eclipse*: Poor *Adam* is betray'd
By his own *folly*, and condemn'd to crawl
Upon his *belly* and gulp up the *gall*
Of his *transgressions*; Having thus offended,
He's thrown from *Paradise*, and vili-pended
By Heav'n: But all this while the *Serpent* sits
Ravish'd with laughter, tut'ring still his wits

To

To further *mischief*; having found success
 In his first *enterprize*, doubts nothing less
 Than what he hopes for, having thus o'erthrown
 The first man *Adam*, thinks that all's his own;
 But that our *God*, whose all-commanding power
 Can mortifie, and quicken in one hour,
 Was fill'd with *pity*, pitied *man*, whose state
 He saw was miserable desperate;
 Begun to view him with a gracious eye,
 And invokes his sacred *Trinity*:
 And thus proceeds——

—— Have I made *man*? have I
 Made wretched *man*, man made to glorifie
 My *name*, and given to his thriftless hand
 Prehemienncy both by Sea and Land?
 And shall I not be honor'd? Am I not
 A mindful *God*? And shall I be forgot
 By sloathful *man*? have I not gave him *light*
 In spite of *darkness*, and shall he requite
 My favours thus? Nay more, have I not fram'd
 And stamp'd him with my *Image*, and proclaim'd

A lasting greatness to him ? and shall *they*
 Be thus obdurate now that were but *clay*
 Before I gave them *breath* ? and shall that *breath*
 Contemn, defie, and scorn me to the *death* ?
 Is this the *honor* which I did expect
 From them ? Is this the *duty* ? this th^e *effect*
 Of all my *labors* ? Speak my dearest *Son*
 What shall we do with *man* that hath undone
 His wretched *self* ? My *fury* burns to be
 Reveng'd on *man* for his *iniquitie*.
 Break forth my restless *fury*, and devour
 That loathed thing call'd *man*, give him no power
 To call me *Father*, whilst abused I
 Will stop my *ears*, and scorn to hear him cry :
 Be gone, enact my *pleasure*.

The *Son* reply'd : Oh stop ! Oh stay my *dear*,
 My dearest *Father* ! Let thy sacred *ear*
 Stand open but one minute, that poor *man*
 May strive to plead, and utter what he can
 For his own self. Alas my *Son*, I know
 The more he strives to speak, the more he'll show

His *guilt*; And ah! what answer can he make
To angry I, that am resolv'd to take
Speedy *revenge*? the more he strives to clear
Himself, the more he'l make his *guilt* appear.
Be gone my *fury*, run till thou art spent:
Away, away, and give my *passion* vent,
Vent it on *man*. My angry *Father* stay
A little longer, hear what I will say
In mans behalf: Oh, is not *man* thy creature?
His *sins* are not so great, but *thou* art greater
In *mercy*: Oh be merciful, and let
(If nothing will) my *blood* discharge the debt:
I'll freely give it, may this blood of mine
Extinguish quite those angry *flames* of thine.
Oh be appeas'd, and give me leave to strive
Against the power of *Satan*, and deprive
Him of his man-deluding power: I'll charm
His rav'ning *malice*, and with-hold his *arm*
From hunting *man*: Nay, and I'll undergo
As many *sorrows*, as the world can show,
For *man* thy *image*: Say the word, and I
Will go, nay run, for joy that I must dye

For *mans redemption*. Dearest *Son*, then go,
Redeem relapsed *man*, that he may ow
An endless debt. But say, my *Son*, should he,
For whom thou dyest, revile, dishonor thee,
And trample in thy *precious blood* and make
That *blood* prove *poysen* to him, that should take
The venome of his sins away? I'll strive,
The *Holy Ghost* reply'd, to make *man* thrive,
And grow in grace; I'll teach him to express
No feigned, but a real thankfulness.

O Soul-transporting *Joy*! O truest *Love*
Without a *period*! O innoxious *Dove*!
Could'st thou, *thou Lamb of God*, be thus content
To step from Heav'n, and take that punishment
Upon thy *patient self*, which appertain'd
To *Heav'n-provoking man*, man that was stain'd
And blur'd with *Sin*, whose spots could never be
Wash'd out (*blest Lamb*) by and but by thee?
Had'st *thou* not interpos'd, our souls had bin
Imbowell'd in the *Ocean* of our *Sin*:
And hadst *thou* not sustain'd us, we had sell,
And swelter'd in the restless *flames* of Hell.

Hadst thou not look'd upon our sad condition,
 And pitied us, to see what *expedition*
 We made to our own *ruines*, we had lost
 The *hopes* of our *Salvation*, which cost
 An unknown price: 'Twas not a swelling flood
 Of heap'd up *gold* redeem'd us, but thy *blood*;
 Thy precious blood, which flow'd like hasty *tides*
 In great abundance, from thy wounded *sides*.
 Start from the *bed of Sin* (my *Soul*) and run
 To view the *splendor* of this glorious *Sun*:
 See how *he* wrestles with the *gloomy clouds*
 Of our *transgressions*; See how *he* unshrouds
 Himself: Oh see what pains he undergoes,
 To prove himself our *friend*, that were his *foes*.
 Methinks I hear a throng of people cry,
 Let *Barabbas* be freed, let's crucifie
 This *Jewish King*; let's lead him to his *death*,
 'Tis pity he should draw a minutes *breath*.
 Methinks I see how his weak hands are bound
 With twisted *cords*: Methinks I see *him* crown'd
 With sharpned *thorns*: Methinks I see them, how
 They worship *him* with a dissembled *Bow*.

Methinks I see the *gazing people* run,
To see the *glorious setting* of this *Sun*.

Methinks I see his *gentle feet* divide
Their *measur'd paces*, to be *crucifi'd*.

Methinks I see how his *delightful face*
Seems to receive an *honor* by *disgrace*.

Methinks I see how his *Heav'n-fix'd eyes*
Do over-look his *raging enemies*.

Methinks I see his *spear-inviting breast*
Willingly ready to receive the rest

Of their intended *malice*; How his *palms*.
(Like one that gives, and no: receives an alms)

Are spread, which truly verifies
With what a *chearful willingness* he dies.

Methinks I see how his *connexed feet*
Salutes the *Cross*, as if they joy'd to meet

With so, so fast a *friend*: Methinks I see
With what a *Heav'n infus'd reluctance*

He entertains their blows, as if he found
A *lively comfort* in each *deadly wound*.

Methinks I see his *bubbling veins*, how they
Swell up a little, and then shrink away,

And hide themselves, as if they had express
(For the departure of so warm a guest)

A secret grief; Till conquering *death* exil'd
Life from the *body* of that *Lamb*, that *Child*,
That *Son of God*, in whom true joys reside;
Who lives by dying, and by living dy'd.

*Quis miserior quàm qui suam
nescit miseriam?*

DO I not daily see that no thing can
Be so unstable as the *state* of *man*?
Do I not see how *fortune* can correct
Misfortune; and as suddenly neglect (crown'd
Poor helpless *man*? Sometimes his thoughts are
With golden joys and sometimes kiss the ground:
Sometimes he's fill'd with laughter, sometimes
weeps;

Sometimes he walks in state, and sometimes creeps.

*A morning joy proves sometimes grief at night,
For fortunes dial goes not always right.*

'Tis vain : 'tis vain : and ah that I could weep
My self into a deluge, and so steep
My cheeks in tears : Oh that I could embark
My naked *Soul*, and swim like *Noah's Ark*
In that grand *Ocean*, which my flowing eyes
Have made, and overlook my miseries !
Distemper'd *thoughts*, why do ye thus torment
My yielding *Soul* ? why does my *Soul* relent ?
Why am I thus afflicted ? why doth *sorrow*
Take an advantage of my *Soul*, and borrow
Quotidian plagues, and study how to make
My heart its *Theatre* ? How shall I shake
These coupling *fetters* from my captiv'd *heart* ?
How shall I bid adieu to *grief*, and part ?
Where shall I run, and labor to unsnare
My breasts inhabitant ? Oh how, or where
Shall I retire my self ! In what sad *place*
Shall I deplore my miserable *case* ?
Could I but find a place where I might dwell,
And only see the *Sun*, I'd bid farewell

To all false pleasures.

For now my *Soul* still hovers to and fro
From place to place: sometimes it flies too low,
Sometimes, with more aspiring wings, it flies,
And envies at impossibilities:
Then back again, and with a seeming mirth
Surveys the center of this flattering earth.
And thus, my *Soul*, being left in this sad being,
Agrees in nothing else but disagreeing:
My ways are pav'd with thorns, I take my diet
From sorrows table, furnish'd with disquiet:
I am the principle of grief, my eyes,
Like windows, open to all miseries:
My head's a Fountain, and from thence doth flow
The headlong rivers of unbridled woe.
My sighs like sudden storms disturb my rest,
As if I had a Boreas in my brest.
Needs must I be molested in my dreams,
My heart's the receptacle of all streams:
Then blame me not, if sorrow makes me cry;
Sum all misfortunes up, and that am I.

But stay my *thoughts* ; post not away too fast :
Extremes are dangerous, and cannot last.
 A sudden *thought* hath made me to confess,
 w, I may be happy in *unhappiness*.

And what's a *thought* ? 'tis but a sudden puff ;
 Yet many may confound, when one's enough.
 Come let's repose, and make a little stay,
 Our *Sun's* sufficient to adorn a day.

Why should I wander in the darksome *shades*
 Of my own *errors*, whilst a *grief* invades
 My *naked senses* ? 'Tis in vain to strive
 Against the *power of God*, who can contrive
 What pleases him : Why shall I then repine
 At what he sends ? Can *wretched I* confine
 His *will* to mine ? Oh no ; He suffers well,
 Whose *sufferings* tell him there's no other *Hell*,
 But in this *world* : Who would not then endure
Terrestrial torment, that he may procure
Celestial pleasures ? Sorrow brings no loss
 To him whose *patience* can sustain a cross.
 Hereafter I will labor to prevent

A little Sorrow by a great Content.

Surgit

Surgit post nubila Phœbus.

WHen gloomy clouds surround the lofty skies,
 It is an argument a storm is nigh :
 But when the Sun's eclipsed from our sight,
 We must not judge an everlasting night
 Will then ensue : 'Tis danger to distrust
 A God that is so merciful, so just.
 The greatest sin that Satan can declare
 Against a guilty soul is sad despair :
 What though the clouds of earth shall interpose
 Betwixt a Soul and Heaven ? the wind blows
 Not always in one place ; one happy hour
 May breed a calm, and qualifie a shower.

Some greedy Lawyers, when their Clients stock
 Is almost spent, reward him with a mock :
 The Counsellor of Heav'n gives more content
 To a poor sinner, when his breath is spent :
 Accepts the will, although his tongue be mute ;
 He seldom keeps him seven years in a suit :

He's

He's free in *mercy*, and he takes delight
 To end a *suit*, when *sorrow* makes it right :
 God is not like to them that take a pride
 In others *griefs* : when *tears* begin to slide,
 His *mercy* falls ; he cannot brook delay,
 But meets a *sinner's language* half the way.
 His *ears* are always open to let in
 A *sinner's prayers*, when he lets out his *sin*.
 What though I have transgress'd, who tho my *crimes*
 Appear like *mountains* ? mountains oftentimes
 Sink lower ; nay, and God can pardon all
 As well as one : for be they *great* or *small*,
 They all are *sins* : *shrubs* grow as well as *trees*,
 God's *mercy* will admit of no *degrees*.
 He that disturbs his God shall always find
 A *cloudy conscience*, and a *stormy mind*.

Seven days had run before God had attyr'd
 The *World* with *order*, yet he was not tyr'd :
 And shall we then expect to climb so high
 As *Heav'n*, in half an hour, or else deny
 So blest a labour ? No, *perhaps to day*

We keep the road, to morrow lose the way.

Contenta vita est summa felicitas.

WHat is this world? A looking-glass
wherein

We see the *body*, nay the *face* of *Sin*.

What's *Wealth*? what's *Honor*? *Transitory joys*.

What's *Mirth*, what's *Pleasure*? *Melancholy joys*.

Honor is *Envy's* object; *Riches*, they

Are but the *subjects* of a *frowning day*.

Beauty's a *slave* to *time*, and *fond delight*

Teaches the *morning* how to *fool* the *night*.

Were I a *Midas*, could my *towers* of *wealth*

Protect my *person*, or preserve my *health*?

Were I a *Cesar*, could my *honors* save

My *crazy carcase* from the *gaping grave*?

Were I as *fair* as *Venus*, could my *beauty*

Acquit me from that *necessary duty*

I *ow* to *change*? If so, I'd *honor pleasure*;

And hug my *honor*: and *rejoyce* in *treasure*.

If I had *riches*, they might make me fly
Upon the wings of *prodigality*.

If I had *honor*, that might make me dance
Ambition a *Corranto*, and advance

My self above my self: If *beauty* were
At my command, then might I chance t'insnare

The *wantons* of the *world*: nay, and intice
Vertue to change it self into a *vice*. (lights

Now tell me *Earth*, where are those *smooth de-*
Thou often boasts of? are thy *golden nights*
Chang'd into *leaden days*? Oh tell me then!
Why dost thou so befool the *sons of men*?
Who, following thee, consume their precious *time*,
And are at last rewarded with a *crime*.

Content, that well advised word imports
A *Crown of happiness*: All joy resorts
Into the *palace* of a blest *content*,
And there resides.

Content is golden-ey'd, and can behold
A *dunghil* with as much respect as *gold*.
Content's a *Jewel*: but here lies the *art*,
Which way to hang it in a *restless heart*.

Much

Much have I heard of that *rich stone*, which all
 Are pleas'd t'entitle, *Philosophical*;
 And *Fame* reports, that many *wits* have try'd,
 T'obtain it, and before obtain'd it, dy'd,
 And lost their *eager hopes*; nay what is worse,
 Left a rich *study*, but a poorer *purse*.
 And to conclude, *experience* made it known.
 Had they not lost Content, they'd found the Stone.

Pax una triumphat est.

PPeace is the life of *Happiness* and *Strife*
 A living *Death* unto a dying *Life*:
Envy's the child of *Strife*, and pregnant *Peace*
 Is an indulgent *Mother*, whose encrease
 Adorns the earth: *Peace* is a *Turtle Dove*,
 Compos'd of nothing but the purest *Love*.
 What's *martial triumph*, but a little blaze
 Which now aspires, and by and by decays?

What triumph is't, to see the shivered bones
 Of breathless men, and hear th'impetuous groans
 Of those whose feeble tongues invite a death
 To dispossess them of their loathed breath?
 Sad are th'effects of *War*, and yet this age
 Esteems not *Peace*, but lets *Contention* rage
 Into a madness: Oh unhappy State,
 Where *Strife*'s desir'd too soon, & *Peace* too late!
 Soul-calming *Peace*, and heart-corroding *Strife*
 Live here like *Factors*, both for death and life.
 It is a sacred *Jubile*, to hear
 Soft-breathing *Peace*, chanting in every ear (press
 Rare strains of *Heav'n-bred raptures*, which ex-
 Full *Diapasons* of our happiness:
 But 'tis a dying life to see, that bliss
 Should, by a hellish metamorphosis, (tion
 Be thus transhap'd to *Strife*: There's no preven-
 Abused *Peace* perverts into contention.
 And can the *Diamond* of *Amity*,
 If once dissevered in pieces, be
 Compos'd again? *Experience* makes us find,
 'Tis quickly broken, but not quickly joyn'd.

Oh

Oh *Peace*! Can we expect thy blest return,
If we, whose flaming envies daily burn
Thy name within the *Astus* of our breasts,
Do make thee subject to our vile detests?
'Tis often seen *Cantharides* do dwell
Upon the fairest rose, whose pleasing smell
Delights the *sense*: It may be truly said,
Envy, that base *Cantharides*, hath laid
Itself upon the *Roses* of our *Peace*,
And rob'd us of a liberal *increase*.
Have not our eyes in former times beheld
The fruits of *Peace*? have not our *Souls* been fill'd
With *heav'nly pleasures*, and our grasping hands
Gather'd the plenty of our peaceful *Lands*?
Did not the painful *husbandman* bestow
His labors with a chearful brow, and sow
The often-furrow'd earth? But now, ah now,
Intruding *Mars* molests the active plough!
And have we not by sad experience found
Contentious *Mars* ploughs bodies, & not ground
Oh miserable tillage! This will bring
A bloody *Harvest*, and as bad a *Spring*.

See smiling *Bacchus*, with his brim-fill'd bowls,
Would tempt us to carouze away our Souls.
Mars with a pallid look proclaims an end
To all our *pastimes*: *Sorrow* knows no friend.
Mars thunders, *Bacchus* smiles, and *Cupid* cries,
Envy survives, *Truth* pines, and *Friendship* dies.
Peace flies her Country, and with discontent
Bemoans our sorrows, and her banishment.
And thus we tumble in our own confusion;
A bad beginning, finds a bad conclusion.

K

A

DISCOURSE
between the
SOUL
AND
WORLD.

(those clouds)

W. **H**OW now sad *Soul*, from whence proceed
Which still eclipse thy fancy thus, & shroud
Thy *splendent* glory? what contentions Fate
Hath bred disturbance in thy quiet State?
Tell me, come tell me, that my *studious* care
May be employ'd to serve thee: Why, or where

A Discourse between, &c.

dgt

Art thou oppress'd? Come, never fear to tell
Thy grief to me, thou know'st I love thee well.

Oh I am sick, canst thou be my Physician? S.
I can, sick Soul: Come tell me thy condition. W.

Draw nearer then, for ah my spirits fail: S.
I'm sick because I know not what I ail.

If thou art sick, and canst not find thy grief: W.
How canst thou be a suitor to relief?

Were it a single sorrow that oppress: S.
My wearied mind 'twere easily express:

But when pluralities shall circumvent
A troubled mind, how can that mind have vent?

Come, leave these vain exordiums, let my ear: W.
Be heir to thy discourse, I long to hear:

Conceal not that, which if reveal'd may bring
A remedy: Come, tell me what's the thing

That thus corrodes thy brest: 'tis I alone
Must give thy heart refreshment, or else none.

Alas fond World! how justly may I stile: 2
Thy help a hinderance, thy treasures vile!

What answer shall I now retort, that may
Expressly satisfy? I cannot say.

What I desire; for when I strive to speak,
My *passion* grows too strong, my *tongue* too weak;
My numerous *pains* infatuate my *wit*.

W. Pish, this is but a *melancholy fit* :

Clear up thy clouded *thoughts*, such *fits* as these
Are incident to all; learn to appease

Thy inflaming *passion*, and advise

With me; I'll make the well, I'll make thee wise

My bounteous *treasure* shall increase thy *store*

With great abundance: Come, let's have no more

Of these thy *petulant discourses*, be

Prescrib'd by none (*dear Soul*) except by me;

I'll cure thy pain. *Sou.* Fond *World* forbear

To urge my *resolution*, or insnare

My yielding *spirits*; let thy language be

Reserv'd for them, that will be fool'd by thee:

Thy *elevating*, which did before

Inrich my *vacant senses*, make them poor:

And now I find the *greatest plague* that can

Concomitate poor *miserable man*,

Is to be happy. *Wor.* That's a *paradox*,

Is happiness a *crime*?

Mistake me not rash fool, for thy pretence *W. S.*
 Is good, if not corrupted by the *sence* *1, 142, 1013*
 You take it in? For tell me what canst thou
 Insinuating *wretch* vouchsafe t'allow,
 That will perpetuate? hast thou the power
 T'assure a *happiness* for one half hour?
 If so, I will obsequiously confine
 My self to thy *directions*, and be thine.

I tell thee *Soul*, thy *fancy* thus disturb'd *W.*
 Will ruinate thy *senses*, if not curb'd.
 Convince thy self, and be not thus averse
 To *Reason*; after *folly* comes a *curse*.

But what is this to my *demands*? I see, *S.*
 Thou lov'st to hear thy self declare, not me.
 Answer to my *objections*, then I'll rest,
 A quiet *Soul*, in a resolved *breast*.

Oh that I were so blest to know the *state* *W.*
 Of thy condition. *Son*. Wilt thou still deviate,
 And ramble from thy text? *Wor*. Believe't dear
 There is no friend more strongly can condole *Soul*
 Thy weakness, then my self; I sympathize,
 And truly grieve for thy *infirmities*:

Witness these falling tears; Oh, may't be known,
Sick Soul, I weep thy sorrows, not mine own:
Sorrow forbids my gentle lips to smile;
For ah I am: *Sen.* A woful crocodile:
I, I, a woful Exile. *Wo.* For thy sake
I'll suffer thousand griefs, and undertake
Ten thousand more, that I at last may prove
How much I've merited thy trustful love.

S. What voice is this that penetrates my ear?
What do I hear, or do I seem to hear?
Or is't a dream? *Wor.* No, no, (blest Soul) 'tis
'Tis I that suffer these extremes for you. (true,

W. Reserve thy tears: Alas! I did but try
Thy love; and now I find th'art constancy
Itself: but tell me *World*, wilt thou content
My greedy mind with wealth? when that is spent
Will't give me more? and when that more is gone
Wilt thou be fure to heap one bag upon
Another? wilt thou make me to out-vie
The sons of men in prodigality?
Doe'st hear me *World*? *Wor.* I do, and I am sore
Opprest because thou canst not ask no more:

Honour, Wealth, Dignities, and all shall stand,
Like subjects proud, to kiss their Princes hand;
I'll hug thee in mine arms, and thou shalt sleep
In gold surrounded-beds: whilst others weep
At fortunes gates, upon their bended knees,
Thou, thou, shalt sit and read sad Elegies
Imprinted on their meagre cheeks: I, I,
These are true symptoms of Eternitie.

What, melancholy yet? cannot these charms
Induce thee to my soul inviting arms? (Sinner
Speak Saul, are these not joys? are these not plea-
To be embrac'd? speak, are not these rare treasures?

Base World, th'art truly base; now I perceive S.
Thy lab'ring policy is to deceive.
What, didst thou think my heart begun to dote
When I, to make a concord, chang'd my note?
Oh no vile varlet: no, I did but try
Thy craft, by learning what thou wouldst reply
To my demands: Divinest language could
Move no reply, when baser language would:
But now thou nothing, made of nothing, know,
Th'ast lost a friend by, and found a foe.

Here I declare my self, and do protest
 Before just Heav'n, that whilst I live possess
 Of vital breath, I will employ heart
 T'oppose thy flatter'ing folly; for thou art
 A perjur'd Traytor to the Souls divine
 And sacred Majesty, and wilt incline
 Thy ears to nothing but to antick tricks,
 And call'st divine thoughts, melancholy fits.
 And so farewell, false Traytor: now 'tis known
 The more we are thine, the less we are our own.

W. And is this all? *Son.* 'Tis all. *Wor.* Then Soul adue.
S. Ob may I ne'er prove false, till thou prov'st true.

DISCOURSE

Between the

SOUL

AND

FAITH.

F *Aish*, can thy hand protect me? can thy art **S.**

Prescribe a *cordial* for a fainting heart?

Hast thou the skill to settle my *belief*,

And arm my *Soul* against the *darts* of *grief*.

I have the *Art* (sad *Soul*) hadst thou the *power* **F.**

T'imbrace *belief*, to bring thee to the *Bower*,

' The

The *fragrant Bower* of *pleasure*, which shall be
Perfum'd and deckt with blest *Eternity*.

S. I do believe, and my *belief* torments
My *mind* with millions of sad *discontents*.

I do believe, what ever *Heav'n* devis'd,
Then judge, oh judge, how I am *Tantaliz'd*!

F. Oh know (mistaking Soul) such *faith* we call,
By the sad name of *Diabolical*.

S. Oh strange, oh sad, oh miserable *case*!
Has *Faith* rob'd *Faith* of his double *face*?
Doth not the *sacred volumn* end this strife,
And bids *believe*, and have *eternal life*?

F. Th'*eternal torments* of th'*infernal lake*,
Believe and tremble too, but can partake
Of nothing but their *torments*, and obtain
Nothing except, th'*inlargement* of their *pain*.

S. How comes it then to pass, if they believe,
They're not rewarded, but must always grieve
In utter *darkness*? Is their *faith* so strong (wrong)
To acknowledge *God*, and yet they know him

P. They acknowledge *God* in *Justice*, but have run
Beyond his *mercy*, and despis'd his *Son*:

Their *faith* prevails but only to int'al

Their Souls, because 'tis not *salvific*.

But tell me *Faith*, how may I learn to know, S.

Whether thou art *salvific* or no?

Examine well thy self, then go and pry, F.

Into the sacred *Scriptures*; let thine eye

Peruse with *diligence*, and let thy pray'rs

Sail towards the port of Heav'n in swelling seas,

Then thou wilt find, how dearly God will own

A Soul that sings a *penitential* tone.

But when I strive and struggle to express, S.

My self in pray'r, I find a *dubious* quest.

It is a happiness oft-times, to doubt, F.

A happiness:—

How oft did David (Gods delight) cry out,

My God, my glorious God, O why, oh why

Hast thou forsaken me, and dost deny

The spreading splendor, which was wont to shine,

And glimmer on this doubtful Soul of mine.

Be serious, Soul, and let thy thoughts reflect

On Gods indulgency, and thy neglect

How often hath he with his dewy locks
 Attended thee, and with redoubled knocks
 Desir'd, nay beg'd an entrance, to impart
 Love-sick expressions to thy wilful heart?
 And ah! how willingly hath he delated
 His dear affections, to thee, and not hated
 To call thee his own Image, nay, his Dove?
 (*Oh streaming fountain of Eternal love!*)
 How hath he lab'rd with a watchful eye,
 To woo thee to his blest eternity?

S. But tell me then if I am thus, thus dear
 Unto my GOD, why will my GOD not hear
 My morning sorrows, and my midnight moans,
 And stop the revolutions of my groans;
 But let my poor *Astrea* fly in vain
 To his high *Altar*, and return again
 Unanswer'd? Ah what over-awing red
 Smarts like the silence of an angry GOD!

F. (*Distemper'd Soul*) oh do not thou become
 (*Because thy GOD seems deaf unto thee*) dumb;
 Reverberate the portals of his ears
 With thy complaints, and let thy vocal tears

invite an *audience* ; urge him by the force
 Of his own language, *Heav'n* cannot divorce
 Himself from his own words ; oh, let him know
 Thou hast his *sacred promises* to show (*carib*
 for what thou dost : Tell him that *Heav'n* and
 shall pass away, but the delightful birth
 Of his *pathetical expressions* shall
 be heirs unto *Eternity* ; go call
 Himself to witness for himself ; be bold
 To tell him to his face, thou hast laid hold
 Upon his *promises* ; tell him thou art
 A whole, a broken, and a contrite heart :
 Tell him th'art heavy loaden, and oppress'd,
 And crav'st th'*injoynment* of a happy rest :
 What though thy *querulous desires* at first
 seem to be frivolous, and slightly nurs'd ?
 Detract not thou, but be progressive still,
 And not too *retrograde*, but let thy will
 attend his *pleasure* ; is't not fit that he
 should be attended, that attended thee ?
 What if he still denies, thou art but paid (made)
 With that dull *Coin* which thine own *sins* have
 Hath

Hath he not waited at the *brazen walls*
 Of thy *regardless brest*, us'd many *calls*,
 Nay, many thousands, and hath daily knock'd
 And found the *nurs'ry* of thy ears still lock'd,
 And bar'd against him? 'twas enough to turn
Patience into an *Extasie*, and burn
 The strongest *Resolution*, and incite
Vengeance to make an *everlasting night*.

Oh think on this (*blest Soul*) and be content,

Good actions seldom want a good event.

Another

Another

DISCOURSE

Between the

SOUL & FAITH.

I'M full, and yet seem empty : I have store S.
 Of earths delectables, and yet I'm poor ;
 I have what e'er my rav'nous thoughts require,
 And yet I want in having my desire ;
 I eat delicious food, drink sparkling wine
 Injoy my self, and yet I am not mine ;
 I am the worlds delight, I am the child
 Of pregnant fortune, yet I am revil'd :
 And what external happiness can be
 Thought worth imbracement, is imbrac'd by me
 Since all these Joys are heap'd upon my back,
 I fain would know, what 'tis I seem to lack,

Thy

F. Thy wants are soon exprest (*dull Soul*) I know,
 Who wants my *helpful hand*, wants *power* to go.
 Oh what an easie matter 'tis, to find
 A *stiff'd-up body*, and an *empty mind* !
Grief rests within the *Center* of that *breast*,
 That knows not what is *worst*, nor what is *best* ;
 But still looks downwards on this *dungbil earth*,
 That alienates the *Soul*, and breeds a *dearth*
 Within that sacred *Essence*, that divine
 And glorious *Monarchy* : who can define
 Th' *enchanting Raptures*, and th' *imperious Joys*
 Of sublimated *Heav'n*, that toils for *toyes* ?
 Thou sayst th' art *full*, yet *empty* ; thou hast store
 Of *earths delectables*, and yet art poor :
 'Tis true th' art *full* ; but tell me whence proceeds
 That *fulness*, say, what *charitable deeds*
 Hast thou perform'd ; oh learn (*frail Soul*) t' ex-
 Too great a *fulness breeds an emptiness*. (press,
Experience tells thee, there is nothing worse
 Than *slighted mercy*, turn'd into a *curse*.
 Thou sayst, th' enjoyst what e'er thy *mind* requires,
 And yet thou want'st in having thy *desires* ;

Thou eat'st, thou drink'st, and hast the *worlds*
To be her *darling*, yet art not content. (*consent*)
'Tis true, he wants, whose *fulness* wants *desire*
To want that *fulness* which his *wants* require
What though the *world* accumulates *increase*,
There's no *contents*, when *Heav'n* denies a *Peace*.

If Heavens blest mouth proclaim'd, *no peace shall S.*
Unto the wicked: What's become of me, (*bb*)
Who always liv'd to *sin*, and sinn'd to dye.
Oh miserable, miserable I !

'Tis true, *GOD* will not suffer *Peace* t'arise *F.*
Unto the wicked, yet that *GOD* denies
A *Sinners death*, and by a free *consent*
Promis'd a *pardon*, with this word, *Repent*:
'Tis a persisting *Sinner* must expect
A *sad reward*, for a perform'd *neglect*.

Then what must I expect, have I not run *S.*
(Even from the *rising*, to the *setting Sun*,)
In paths of *negligence*, and still persisted,
And rather back'd a *finner*, then resisted
The power of *sin*? Oh how can I obtain,
Or *thoughts*, or *hopes* to be reclaim'd again?

The mouth of Heav'n did never yet divide
His language thus: My Soul shall not abide
A penitent offender; no, his breath
Speaks better things, than the lamented Death
Of those, who though they have in former times
Been permanent in their unbosom'd crimes;

2 Yet when the sense of their transgression brings
Abundant sorrows, then Jehovah sings
Rare strains of mercy to their souls, and pours
His endless mercy down in liberal showers.

And is our GOD so merciful, so just
To lep'rous Souls? and shall not my Soul trust
In such a never-failing GOD? Shall I, when he
Retorts *ay*, when he proclaims an *ay* a blessing
Oh no, I'll take what he shall give, and then (not
When *Heaven* proclaims) my tongue shall say *A*

2 For 'aisthy Christ, thy Love, thy Son shall save us.

W. Follow me Saul, I'll lead thee to thy Jesus. (2v. 3)

Penetrant Suspiria Caelum.

A Re sighs so prevalent, that they can be
 Admitted to the ears of Majesty?
 Is Heav'n so weak, or sighs so strong, that they
 Can make an on-set, and enforce their way
 Unto the ears of God? Can sighs persuade
 That Lamb to mercy, that our sins betray'd?
 Can roaring Lyons meet, and can they part
 Without a combat? Can a lep'rous heart
 Meet GOD, and think t'out brave him in his Sign?
 (Our sins are Lions, yet our God's a Lion.)
 And what's a sigh? 'tis but a blast of wind
 Blown from the Center of a stormy mind:
 And can the air of one poor sigh aspire,
 So high as Heav'n? —

— Ah sighs can never tire
 In such a progress; though they be but air,
 Yet they condense within the sacred ear

Of nursing Majesty, who hears the sound
Of well-spent groans, and takes them at the bound.
Sighs are like morning Larks, sometimes they fly
And chatter praises to the blushing skie,
Then wearied with their flights, dart down again
Longing to repossess the earth again.
So sighs (the Souls best oratory) fly
To the interpreter of groans, who'll not deny
To hear the hearts embassy, but delights
To see souls (wing'd with sighs) to take such flights.
But, when our hearts are loaded with the cares
Of this vile earth, and sigh themselves to tears,
Oh then he stops his ears, and makes them know
Their sighs are earthly, and they fly too low;
Nor can they reach the Suburbs of his ear,
Unless they mount into a higher sphere.
Then let thy well-directed sighs, my Soul,
Mount upwards still that there they may condole
Thy ev'ning sorrow, and thy morning grief:
Then they'll (like Doves) return, and bring relief
Unto thy floating heart, and thou shalt find
The operations of a sigh; thy mind

Shall purge it self; thrice happy's thy condition,
Sighs are good physick, when Heav'n is Physician.

Roganti dabitur.

WHO would not be a Beggar, that may crave
Upon such easie terms, but *ask*, and *have*?

Here's swelling bounty, and sure this must be
No humane, but a *Divine Charitie* :

Here well-instructed poverty may live,
He that gives power to *ask*, hath power to *give*.

The greatest gift that ever yet was known,
Was freely given, being ask'd by none.

And he that gave't hath many gifts in store ;

(Many give once, because they'l give no more.)

But he that gave that gift, will not refrain,

If wisely ask'd) to give us gifts again.

And if a heart-recorded gift we make

Of this ; his giving teaches us to take.

Let it ordain'd, that *begging* be an *art*,

Heaven loves a giving hand, a begging heart.

But let us rest a little; here's the task,
 Heav'n knows to give, we know not how to ask.
 Methinks I hear some multiloquious fool
 Make this reply, What must I go to school
 And learn to beg? I'm skillful to require,
 If Heaven would suit his gifts to my desire.
 Let fools delight in folly, let them think
 That men are blind, because they see them wink,
 Others methinks reply; Have we not cry'd
 To Heaven for blessings, and have been deny'd
 Have not our early voices been extended
 To Heaven, and our labors wili-pended?
 Is this the effect of prayer? are these the gains
 That we were lately promis'd for our pains?
 Go silly Soul, and do not thus contest (beast
 With him that knows what's worst, and what
 Ye know not what ye ask; your fond desires,
 If granted to, may breed such flaming fires
 Within your greedy breasts, and so torment
 Your hearts with millions of sad discontent;
 Then may ye know that true discretion lies
 As well in asking, as in giving wise.

And solid *bearts* will labor first to know
 What's fit for their *desires*, and then they show
 Their *prayers* in such a *soil* as shall increase
 Their *stock* of *Grace*, and everlasting *Peace*.

Pulsanti aperiatur.

Knock, and it shall be open'd; here's an *are*
 Requires the *labors* of a studious *beart*. A
 It is an *easy* action, some suppose,
 Because it commonly consists of blows.
 Here's a *mysterious knock*, 'tis not the *hand*
 Of flesh and blood can knock, or *tongue* command
 The *gates* to move; 'tis not *Saint Peter's keys*
 Can turn the *lock*, except the *Landlord* please.
 Heaven's a well-order'd *family*, whose *gate*
 Opens not soon to them, that knock too late.
 But those, whose early *labors* shall implore
 To have *admittance* at that sacred *door*,
 Must well instruct their *bearts*, and have a *word*,
 First learning how to knock, and after, where

How happy's he, that really can say,
Go take thy rest (my Soul) th' art knock'd to day.
He's happy, that can speak such words as these,
Open the door (my Soul) thou hast the keys.
How happy's he, that by a *faithful knock*
Can make the yielding Gates of *Heaven* unlock ?
Prayers are the keys of *Heaven*, the melting door
Is *mercy*, That lets in and out the store.
Faith is the golden Key, which gives us all
A speedy entrance to the spacious Hall:
But we must open (or else not come there)
The gate of *Mercy* with the key of *Prayer* :
Go then, my *Soul*, into some private place,
Unlock thy *heart*, and when unlock'd, abase
Thy self before the Throne of *Heaven*, and fly
Unto the Temple of *Divinity*.
Go knock thy *heart* out ; if that will not do,
Say, *Heaven's* grown deaf, or else thy heart's not
Cast off the thred-bare garments of thy *sin*, (true
Thy *prayers* will melt the gates, and let thee in :
The Governor of *Heaven* will not refuse
To give an audience to such welcome news ;

Nor can he be ungrateful, or neglect
To crown thy *labors* with a true respect:
Then tune thy *heart*, and teach it to express
Full *Diapasons* of true thankfulness: (knock,
And grant (dear God) when my poor *Soul* shall
That my unworthy key may fit thy lock,

A N

AN ELEGY

Upon that Son of Valor
Sir CHARLES LUCAS,

WHO

Was shot to Death by the Council of War, be-
fore COLCHESTER.

*To all those that love the memory of Sir Charles
Lucas.*

Reader,

WHEN my serious thoughts reflected upon the
Death of so worthy a person, I could not but
privately deplore so *publick* a loss; and being im-
portuned by his *virtues*, and my own *sorrow*, I gave
my *pen* the priviledge (assisting it with the utmost
of my power) to compose this *Poem* upon his
Death, which I cannot expect will be consonant
to all *humors*, but only to *them* that love *Loyalty*.
(*Reader*) I shall desire thee to let the strength of
thy *goodness* pardon the weakness of *him* that is

His Kings, his Countreys, and Thine.

John Quarles.

AN

ELEGY.

I Cannot hold, the *Laws of Nature* break
 The *Laws of Reason*, and my *Cisterns* leak.
 Pardon my tears (*oh Heaven*) and let thy power
 Subdue my *grief*, and mitigate this *shower*:
 Restore me to *my self*, and let my *Quill*
 Weep for me: let it weep until it fill
 Whole *volumes* with sad *tears*, *tears* that may
 From *age to age*, that all the *world* may know
 It weeps for him, whose never-dying name
 Gives gold *feathers* to the *wings of fame*.
 But is it requisite that I alone
 Should form so great a work as this, and none
 Invok'd to assist me? *Sorrow* hates *delay*,
 Oh hear my *hasty call*, and come away,

Ye

Ye grief supporting *Muses*, here is that
 Will sublimate your *senses*; ask not what
 It is, for fear, lest *melancholy I*,
 Ravish'd with what I speak, should faint and dye.
 Times full-mouth *Herald* will exactly tell
 How death hath rambl'd from his misty *Cell*.
 And with presumptuous *violence* hath shot
 A *Star*, whose fall will never be forgot.

- Then rouse your down-cast *spirits* now, or never,
 Shake off your *slumbers*, or repose for ever;
Lucas has conquer'd *Death*, he's gone to keep
 An *everlasting Sabbath*, and to sleep
 In *Abrahams* bosom: Ah! methinks *this breath*,
 Should re-invite you from the shades of *Death*,
 To weep his *obsequies*; but if there's none
 Will be invok'd, my *Muse* shall walk alone
 Into the *Wilderness of grief*, and there
 Condole this *loss*, till *sorrow* wants a tear.

Have I betray'd my self? Am I o'ertaken
 With *folly*? Or has *Reason* quite forsaken
 The kingdom of my mind? If he be blest,
 How dare my tears thus interrupt his rest?

Oh *Times* ! Oh *Manners* ! Is the world grown
Some I behold rejoycing ; others sad (mad ?
As *grief* can make them : Sure we have forgot
To sympathize, or else why weep we not,
Or smile together ? Has *Death* got the power
To make us weep, and *smile* within an hour :
Smile they that please, mine eyes cannot forbear
For every *smile* of theirs, to shed a tear.

Come real-hearted *Mourners*, and incline
Your *ears* to my sad story, and confine
Your selves to *sorrow*, sorrow that shall need
No *definition*, if your hearts can bleed.
Now, now they shall, and may that barren eye
That will not weep, prove blind, or always dry :
And they that can and will not now let fall
Some tears, have hard *hearts*, or no *hearts* at all.
Lucas (rare Soul) oh that my *tongue* might dwell
Upon thy *name* ; 'twas *thou* that didst excel
The world in *Martial valour* : he that can
Forget thy *name*, forgets to be a *Man*.
Tis *death* to say th'art *dead* ; Thou canst not dye :
If thou art *dead*, there's no *Eternity*.

Thou

Thou liv'st in spite of *Death*; yet I condole
 Thy murder'd body; but I'm sure thy *Soul*
 Lives above *envy*, where it shall be blest
 In spite of *those*, whose wisdoms thought it best
 To put a period to thy *days*, and bring
 Joy to themselves, and sorrow to their *King*.

*Discreetly done, and sure this Act must be,
 Recorded in the Books of Infamy:
 That after Ages, when they do behold,*

*May blush, what noble Deeds were done of old.
 Say Tyrants, say, was't not a shameful strife
 To send a Death, after a promis'd Life
 If this be Mercy, Heaven protect us all
 From such a Mercy, so tyrannical.*

*If this be Justice, may such Justice have
 A Hell to act in, or at least a Cave.
 What had he acted that could contradict*

*The Laws of Justice? Search, and be as strict
 As policy can make you, all ye can*

*Impute, was this, he was a valiant man
 Who lov'd his King, and undertook to play
 A noble Game, wherein his honour lay*

At stake; what would you have a Gamester do?
 Should he surrender up a game to you
 Without contending? such a high-bred shame,
 Had left a blur within his spotless name?

I tremble at my thoughts, I cannot hold,
 My quill must run, ye can but term me bold,
 As ye are tyrannous: In former times,
 Boldness in truths were pardonable crimes.
 How could ye chuse but tremble when ye nam'd
 His death, whom honor, and the world had fam'd?
 Such deeds as these we needs must discommend,
 Y'ave murther'd your own honors, and our friend,
 How could ye chuse but blush to see him stand
 Undaunted at your tragical command?
 How could ye chuse but fly, when he was fled
 To embrace his death, and dye when he was dead?
 How could your will-obeying slaves let fly
 A bullet at his breast, and they not dye?
 Why dy'd they not, when as they went about
 To make those holes, where at his Soul flew out?

Mars frown'd when he observ'd what ye had
 And perpetrated on his dearest Son:

(done,
 And

And thus declares ; If any mortal shall
Dare to *insult*, or presume to call
Such *Rabshakeh's* his *Sons*, that they shall be
All voted *Traitors* to his Majesty :
The *Muses*, they complain, and are agreed
To vindicate his *death*, and ever feed
Upon his *virtues*, and will never more
Smile on your *actions*, but will still deplore
Their lost-love *Lucas* ; and the *earth* shall ring
With *Ecchoes* of his *praise* that lov'd his *King*.

Apollo weeps, and say, ye have forgot
To cherish *virtue*, or ye love it not :
And to the world, he'll fully make it known
In his destruction, ye have overthrown
Your *home-bred honors* : Now my *Muse* retire
And gather breath ; 'tis wisdom to enquire
Which way to take our *progress* ; we must know
Whither to go, as well as how to go :
The paths of *death* are darksome, and we may
Plead an excuse, if we have gone astray :
Errors in *grief* are incident to all
That truly solemnize a *funeral*.

But stay my *quill*, 'tis not my task to crave
Excuses, but to treat upon a *grave*,
A *grave* within whose *sullen bosom* lies
A *Gem*, contemn'd by those that could not prize
So rare a *piece*, within whom was repos'd
Vertue, and *honour*, for he was compos'd
Of both : (*kind Reader*) know that *Lucas* had
A *Magazin* of worth ; his *Soul* was clad
With *robes* of *innocency*, and his heart
So sworn to *honour* ; that it could not start,
From *noble Exercises*, though attended
With troops of *dangers*, dangers that portended
A thousand *deaths* : his *wisdom* could descry
Both *life*, and *death*, with a contented *eye* :
Life was his *Jewel*, yet he did not prize
That *life* at such a rate, as to despise
A *noble Death* ; he labour'd to express
To both a very equal willingness.
He knew his *life* was lent him to maintain
The rights of *Majesty*, and to regain
Those just *prerogatives*, which do belong
To *CHARLES*, who patiently sustains the wrong

His *Soul* was undivided, and could never
 Ramble from *Loyalty*; his whole endeavor
 Was to advance that *Cause* wherein he stood,
 Engag'd, and dy'd it with his crimson blood.

Since thus he liv'd, since thus he dy'd, oh then
 Let's imitate so good a life; and when
 We hear the sad relation of his *Death*,
 Let's learn to dye: Let them that live by *breath*
 Examine his *brave actions*, and they'll find
 He had a rare militia in his mind.

But stoutest *Lyons* are at last o'erthrown
 By *Natures Laws*; for *Nature* needs must own
 Her principle: our earthen vessels must
 At last dissolve, and turn themselves to dust.
 Live we a thousand years, we do but run
 In debt to *Nature*; and when those days are done,
 We are but mortal; subject to decay,
 And youth and age must go the self-same way.

Reader, as often as report shall send
 Unto thy ears the death of any friend,
 Wonder not that he's dead, that's too much
 But rather wonder that he liv'd so long:

For *Life's* but like a *Candle*, every *wind*
May puff it out, and leave a *smoke* behind.

But whither runs my *pen* ; Does sorrow mean
To make of this an *everlasting scene* ?

Lucas made *Sorrow* lovely, *Death* a treasure,
And *Life* a trifle, *Misery* a pleasure :

And now let no audacious tongue deny,
That he taught *Death* to live, and *Life* to dye.

Now, gentle *Soul*, go take thy sweet repose
In *Heavens* eternal bed ; where none but *those*
Shall sleep, that in their *life-time* study'd how
To dye : there rest (*dear Soul*) I'll leave the now.

My *heart* begins to quake, that word has bred
A *palsie* in my hand, and *grief* has spread

A *veil* upon my *Senses* ; and *Confession*
Steps in, and leads me to a sad *Conclusion*.

Shall I *begin*, or *end*, I know not whether ;
Oh that I could *begin*, and *end* together !

Begin, what's that, but to renew a *grief* :
To end, what's that, but to implore *relief*.

What shall I do ? when as I strive to end,
I still forget to do, what I intend.

When I begin, methinks I am content
 Never to end: *Distraction* is th'event
 Of Sorrow. (*Reader*) pardon this last error,
 For I began with *grief*, and end with *terror*.

AN

A N

EPITAPH.

*C*ome gentle eyes and take a view,
*H*ere rests a *Jewel* was as true
*A*s *Truth* it self; see how *he* lies
*R*enown'd, and crown'd a *Sacrifice*.
*L*ay your *hands* upon your *hearts*,
*E*ach eye must weep before it parts.
*S*igh, and sob; but each *sigh* call

*L*ove to attend his *Funeral*.
*U*nderstand that this was *he*
*C*onquer'd *Death* and *Tyranny*:
*A*nd when your eyes begin to run,
*S*ay ye've gaz'd upon a *Sun*.

A N
M A

ELEGY

Upon the Death of my dear Friend

Mr. ROBERT REASON

WHO

Quitted this life the 13. November, 1641.

— Sic voluere Fata.

By J. Q.

(that rise

AH, whence proceed those swelling floods
Like restless waves from my tempestuous eyes?

The surges beat (provok'd by stormy passion)

My weather-beaten senses out of fashion.

But ah forbear, (distemp'ring grief) surcease

Those storms, which rage against the shore of peace.

For

Forbear superfluous *blasts*, be not too brief
To dash my *Soul* against the rocks of *grief*;
But stop a time (*sad Genius*) here's a *stile*
Invites a *rest*; Let's mediate a while:

Can *tears* express a perfect *grief*? Or can
Excess of *language* re-inlarge a *man*
From *Death* benumbing shades? can blubber'd
Invite him back? can integrating *cries* (eyes
Enforce a *life*, in spite of *death*? can all
The doleful *sighings* in this world recal
Revolted *breath*? Oh no: 'Tis therefore vain
To think that *tears* can call him back again
From *Heaven*'s immortalizing throne; Thus we
Fond men expand our own infirmity;
And thus our spend-thrift eyes profusely flow
In lavish *tears*, for him whose *Soul* we know
Is far more happy, than we can express:
(Why do we then lament his *happiness*?)

Then go (*sad Genius*) and advise all such (much
That grieve, to grieve, because they griev'd so
For him, who *Heaven* hath lately made a stranger;
To *grief*, who rests above the reach of danger;

There let him rest in a most *glorious sleep* :
And if weak *nature* urgeth us to weep,
Let's weep, nay weep indeed, until our eyes,
Blinded with weeping, weep for new supplies :
Let's weep, nay weep indeed, until our eyes,
Our hasty tides to their long journeys end.
Oh let's deplore our most unhappy *state*
Betimes, for fear lest time-devouring *fate*
Blocks up the narrow passage of our *breath*,
And so surprise us with a sudden *Death*.
And ah ! how soon the *shadow-flying days*
Of man consumes : how soon the troubled blaze
Of this frail *life* expires ; and ah how soon
He finds a *night*, before he thinks 'tis *noon* :
And how the *pleasures* of this sordid *earth*
Shadow his *senses*, with a *glimmering mirth*.
And what's this world ? 'tis but a glass wherein
Nothing appears but *Heaven confronting sin* :
Alas, it's *painted beauty* represents
Nothing but *folly*, crown'd with *discontents* :
There's nothing here that truly may be stil'd
A *happiness* ; here's nothing but's *dehil'd*.

Alas, alas, in what a sad condition
Is *dust-composed man* ! what expedition
He daily makes, to gain those things which gain'd,
Gnaw him like *vipers* ; thus are *mortals* stain'd
And blur'd with vanities ; and thus they spend
Their *winged hours*, as if they could not end :
Fond *earths consuming trash* hath so combin'd
Their hearts to *worldly pleasures*, that thy mind
Nothing but profit, basely gain'd, which shall
Mount them up here, and after let them fall.
But where's that *man*, whose *Soul* contrives to be
Imparadis'd, and crown'd with *dignitie*,
With *Hallelujah's Angels*, which controul
The Family of *Heaven*, who still inroul
In their sublimer thoughts ; how *great*, how *just*
Their *maker* is, before whose *throne* all must
Appear with spotless *Souls*, and fly from hence
With downy wings of *Dove-like innocence*.

But stay my *quill* ; have I thus soon forgot
My *bosom friend*, as if I lov'd him not ?

No, no, though he be dead, he cannot dye,

Death cannot drive him from my *memory*,

Where

Where he shall rest, till time shall recommend,
 My *friend-bereaved Soul* unto my *friend*;
 For whilst he liv'd, my *sympathizing heart*
 Was truly *his*, and truly bore a part
 In what he suffer'd; Ah, but now he's fled,
 And left me here, to say, *my friend is dead*.
 Poor *soul*! & why poor *soul*? rash tongue call back
 That fond abhorrive word; how can he lack,
 That daily feeds upon *delicious dyes*. (quiet?
 In *Heavens* great *store-house*, and knows no dis-
 This was an Error that my hasty *quill*
 Too rashly slept into, against my will;
 I hope 'tis venial *reason* may afford
 A pardon for a grief-relapsed word.
 When *passion* rules the *fancy*, men become
 Vainly *Pragmatick*, or extremely dumb:
 But why *rash death*, why didst thou send thy *dart*
 To take possession of his *willing heart*,
 And gave no longer warning? was there none
 Could please thy *palate*, only him alone?
 'Twas quick'y ended, and as soon begun;
 Believe me *Death*, 'twas but unfriendly done.

But

And why do I (fond man) expostulate
With thee, that art an *all-consuming* fate?
Th'ast done a happy deed; I dare not blame
Thy power, because I know from whence it came.
Shall I, because he was my friend, repine
At his *departure*? was he *Heavens* or *mine*?
I yield him *Heavens*, not *mine*; but yet I might
Claim him as finite, *Heaven* as infinite.
He was but lent me for a time, that I
And others by his *life* might learn to die,
Whilst he enjoy'd the *fulnes* of his *breath*,
His *life* was a preparative for *death*:
His whole delight, and study was, to pry
Into the bosom of *Divinity*; (that those
From whence he suck'd such wholesome streams,
Which heard him, gave a *plaudit* to his close:
His daily practice was, how to fulfil
And prosecute his great *Redeemers* will:
Heaven was his *Meditation*, and he gave
A reverent respect unto his grave:
Faith, *Hope* and *Charity* did sweetly rest
Within the *Counsel-chamber* of his *breast*,

And

And in a word, the *graces* did agree
To make one *happy Soul*, and this was he :
As for his *moral duties*, they were such,
That should I strive, I could not speak too much
His *civil carriage* towards all men might claim
A perfect right, to a beloved name :
His *actions* were so just, that they may tell,
He liv'd uprightly, and he dy'd as well :
His *love*, his sweet *society* might call
Ten thousand *tears* t'attend his *Funeral*.
And to conclude, in him all men might find
A *real heart*, and a most *noble mind* ;
But now he's gone, his *winged Soul*'s aspir'd
To *Heavens high palace*, where he sits attir'd
With *glorious immortality*, and sings
Melodious Anthems to the *King of kings*.
There, there his melting *Soul*, ravish'd to see
The *Sun-bright throne* of *Splendent Majesty* ;
Adores his well-pleas'd *Maker*, who makes known
He's pleas'd to crown, and keep him for his own :
Oh there he rests, free from the rubs of earth,
Hugging no *shadow*, but a real *mirth* :

there's no *grief*, no *sorrow* found to vex
his *peaceful Soul*; no *trouble* to perplex,
nor blast his *new-bred joys*; there is no *woe*,
no *care*, no *pain*, no *misery*, no *foe*,
that dare presume to interrupt him; all
must stand aloof, and not appear, nor shall
proaching bold-fac'd *grief*, nor pale-fac'd *spight*
dare interpose t'eclipse one blaze of light.
Oh there methinks I hear him sweetly sing, (*string?*
trave, where's thy power, *Oh Death* where's thy
Methinks I hear his warbling tongue declare,
how good his works, how great his wonders are;
Methinks I see a great united Band
Of glitt'ring *Angels* how prepar'd they stand
To welcome him: Methinks I hear them say, (way.
March on blest *Soul*, thou need'st not doubt the
Oh glorious fight! In what triumphing state
They guard his *Soul* to *Heavens* resulgent gate,
Where when he comes disrob'd of all his sin,
The gates fly open, and his *Soul* flies in.
Methinks my ravish'd ears are fill'd and blest
With such harmonious raptures, and possess

With

With such varieties, that even I
 Were sin absolved, would resolve to die.
 Methinks I hear within Heaven's echoing Grove
 The quavering Angels chant, as if they strove
 T' excel themselves : Methinks that every breath
 Is a sweet invitation unto death.
 But oh ! what rare, or what profound invention,
 Beautifi'd with a strong apprehension,
 Can sound the depth of those delights, which he
 Shall swim and bath in to Eternitie :
 Therereft, dear Soul, having thus conquered fate
 Thy pleasures never shall expire their date.
 There, there the Alpha of thy joys shall never
 Know an Omega, but be blest for ever
 With Alpha and Omega, who shall crown
 Thy throne-approaching Soul with true renown,
 Whilst we confused mortals here below
 Gulp up the dregs of sorrow, and bestow
 Curses instead of prayers upon each other,
 And daily labour to confuse, and smother
 Our serene happiness, and turn those joys
 Which Heaven allow'd us, to neglected toys :

And thus our deviating *Souls* befool
Themselves, and practise in the common School
Of Errors: Thus erroneously we bend
Our *flexive minds* to folly, and commend
Nonsense for *Wisdom*; *Reason* being dead,
Repose my Muse, discretion calls to bed.

F I N I S.
